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FROM THE NATIONAL ATLAS.

POLITIANO,

To the Memory of his Friend Lorenzo de' Medici.—Translated by a pupil of Mr. Delacroix, Philadelphia.

Who from perennial streams shall bring,
Of gushing floods a ceaseless spring?
That through the day in hopeless woe,
That through the night my tears may flow.
As the reft turtle mourns his mate,
As sings the swan his coming fate,
As the sad nightingale complains,
I pour my anguish and my strains,
Ah wretched, wretched past relief,
O grief beyond all other grief.
—Through Heaven the gleaming light'ning flies,
And prone on earth my *laurel* lies:
That laurel boast of many a tongue,
Whose praises every muse has sung,
Which every Dryad of the grove,
And all the tuneful sisters love.
That laurel, that ere while displayed
Its ample honours: in whose shade
To louder notes was strung the lyre,
And sweeter sung th' Avnian choir,
Now silent, silent all around,
And deaf the ear that drank the sound.

JUNIUS.

FROM THE NATIONAL ATLAS.

THE WOODCUTTER.

A TALE OF THE MISSISSIPPI.

By James Ruggles.

"And leave the vain low strife,
That makes men mad—the tug of wealth and power
The passions and the cares that wither life,
And waste its little hour."—*Bryant.*

Those only who have floated on the waters of that noble stream, which meanders through the extensive forests, or past the scattering plantations of the southwestern section of our growing country, will have their minds suitably impressed with the majestic extent and powerful resources of the United States. The steamboat navigation of the Mississippi, and her tributary rivers has already arrived at such a degree of improvement, as to rival in many respects the commerce of the Atlantic states, and to open a channel for the constant emigration of the hardy and enterprising sons of the more thickly populated eastern section of our union.

The Valley of the Mississippi, including the countries lying on the river of that name, and its branches, is becoming more and more known to eastern enterprise, and is rapidly improving in agriculture, civilization and refinement. The cities of Pittsburg, Cincinnati, Louisville, Natchez and a number of neat little villages, which owe their growth to steamboat navigation, begin to rival the finest Atlantic towns; while the surrounding country in many places is fast relinquishing its wild and dreary aspect, under the exertions of the agriculturist and the woodcutter. The annual overflowing of the Mississippi furnishes however, a considerable barrier to the cultivation of its banks. In many places they present for hundreds of miles, the appearance of an interminable forest, broken here and there by the solitary hut of the woodcutter, who has selected a comfortable eminence for the purpose of depositing his cord-wood, ready for the use of steamboats, whenever they choose to stop and replenish their exhausted supply.

During a pleasant day in autumn, not many years since, a fine boat carrying numerous passengers, was pleasantly pursuing a rapid course down this noble river, not far from the mouth of the Yazoo, where few objects occurred to relieve the unvariegated scenery of what appeared an unbroken wilderness. At length, however, the attention of the passengers was attracted by large piles of wood standing immediately on the bank, in the vicinity of a humble cot, the residence of the woodcutter, whose industry was so conspicuously displayed. The boat, after coming to, was speedily replenished by the assistance of a number of deck passengers, while the more comfortably situated in the cabin had been amusing themselves, some by stepping a few minutes on shore, and some by noticing the movements of the rest from the side gangway of the boat. Of this latter class was an elderly gentleman who had been for some time leaning over the stern railing, musing on the objects the shore presented. He was apparently taking but little interest in any thing that passed, until as the boat was "shoving off," and moving under the power of the steam, his attention was suddenly attracted by the appearance of the woodcutter, who had presented himself at the edge of the bank, for the purpose of loosening the rope, which had attached them to the shore. As the boat receded from the land, such was the intensity of the old gentleman's gaze, as if attracted by marks of recognition in the cottager, that not sufficiently attending to the firmness of his hold, while in his leaning posture, he accidently lost his balance, as the wheels quickened their motion, and plunged overboard, immersed beneath the agitated water.

The patient reader who has perused this tale thus far, concluding it to turn out but a dull narrative, and beginning to despair of finding a plot or striking incident, will now feel his attention aroused by imagining the mingled horror and consternation of the passengers and crew on beholding one of their number precipitated into the retiring flood.

Although a blameable indifference is often manifested on board of steamboats of the western waters, to accidents of this kind, yet on account of the known respectability of the person who had met with this sad catastrophe, many efforts were made to save him. The woodcutter, also seemingly regardless of his own safety, had plunged several times in the pursuit, but to no purpose; the lost gentleman could not be found. The boat at length proceeded on her way, while the captain offered a handsome reward to the cottager to be paid on his return from New Orleans, if he would find the body either dead or alive. The boat stopped on returning at the same spot. The hardy tenant of the hut was summoned, who now displayed an aspect which had not hitherto been noticed under the meanness of his former garb, and a countenance which spoke a much higher condition than that of an ordinary woodcutter, the features of which seemed lighted up as if by the consciousness of some recent good fortune. When asked by the captain if he could give any tiding of the lost passenger, he answered in the negative; and though he spoke in a manner that seemed to be a mere assertion, yet every cross inquiry, and every search, both in the water and out of it, resulted in a firm belief, that the unfortunate gentleman, whom we shall call Mr. Moreton was indubitably dead.

On the arrival of the steamboat at Cincinnati, the residence of the late passenger, his untimely death was announced in the papers, leaving his bereaved family to the accustomed ceremonies and retirement of mourners, we will relate some interesting particulars of the deceased, and his household.

Samuel Moreton whose sudden, and deplorable death was now announced to the public, was a native of Pennsylvania. He had at an early period in the settlement of Ohio, emigrated to that State; and in the lucky purchase of a small tract of land, near the spot where Cincinnati now stands, had insured his fortune. The great advance in the price of land occasioned by the rapid and unexpected growth of the present [illegible] of the West," enabled him with good management, soon to become the owner of an extensive wholesale store, with a number of houses and lots, the income and rents of which enabled him to educate his family in a very liberal manner, and introduce them into the most respectable circles of society.

His two daughters, Caroline and Emily, to say the most of them, and without going into a minute detail of their various accomplishments which adorn the female character, would have been no disparagement to the most polite circles of Philadelphia or New York. But as to the virtues of the heart, they exhibited, as is often the case, a strong contrast. Caroline, although possessing beautiful features, was haughty, unfeeling and often insolent; while Emily, with not inferior personal accomplishments, was extremely [illegible] compassionate, condescending and kind. Connected with Mr. Moreton's business, in his counting house, was a gentleman named Winover. He had first been employed in the capacity of a clerk or assistant, but in a short time by the aid of a conciliatory manner, and an insinuating address, he had so gained the esteem of his patron as to become a confidant, and a partner; while by the advantage of a genteel [illegible] he had gained the affections of his eldest daughter, Caroline, and became his son-in-law. The increasing business of the mercantile house at length made the employment of an additional clerk necessary. A young man lately from the east was selected for this purpose, whose attention to business, and propriety of conduct soon rendered him a favourite with Mr. Moreton and his family. As this person will occupy a conspicuous place in this tale, a brief description of his character, will not be improper in this place.

George Ladelock was a native of New Hampshire. He had received a good education, and the necessary accomplishments for entering into respectable business; but from the numerous family embarrassments of his parents, he arrived at the age of manhood portionless. With strong athletic limbs, personal manliness, genteel appearance, and an enterprising disposition, he left his native roof "in pursuit of his fortune;" took a direction for the western country, crossed the huge Alleghany mountains, and arrived at last in Cincinnati, where, as his slender resources were nearly exhausted, he was glad to procure the humble situation afforded in the employment of Moreton & Winover. Here after gaining much esteem from his regular and genteel deportments, he was admitted as a constant guest in Moreton's family, where one member of it in particular became more and more agreeable to him. Miss Emily Moreton, notwithstanding the admonitions of her elder sister and her husband, Winover, agreed after receiving for some time his unassuming attentions, to give her hand to Ladelock, and though his want of fortune was an objection in the mind of her father, yet he was so pleased with his steady application to business, and regular habits, that he made no objections; and a day was accordingly agreed upon for the solemnization of the marriage. But as one among a thousand instances of the fickleness of the capricious little god, all these preparations and fond anticipations were interrupted by the following circumstances.

Winover being engaged in collecting a sum of money, to send to New Orleans, had deposited a number of bank notes in a separate place for Mr. Moreton to enclose in a letter to his agent, but while looking over them the next day, he perceived that a fifty dollar note on the branch bank of Cincinnati was missing—communicating this fact, as was to be expected to his partner. Winover, threw out some hints of suspicion respecting the honesty of their clerk, Ladelock, toward whom he had previously manifested many symptoms of dislike, urging with reason, the consideration that no other person but themselves had any knowledge of the place where the money was deposited, or access to it. Among other particulars, to which Moreton's attention was called by his officious partner, was the circumstance of his young protege's having the very day previous purchased some new clothing at the shop of a neighboring tailor, and it was proposed that they should go there together, and inquire what sort of money Ladelock had given in payment; when, who can describe the indignation of Moreton, on finding that a fifty dollar note on the same bank, and of the same appearance of the one now missing from the counting house had been paid there the day previous by the man he had consented should in a few days become his son-in-law!

To proceed legally against the criminal was a step, which the benevolent disposition of Moreton, and the kindness which the previous good conduct of the thief had implanted in his breast, would not suffer him to take. He therefore determined on a more lenient course, and addressed a letter to Ladelock, informing him of the discovery of his crime—of his dismission from his service, and giving him to understand, that the only return he expected for his lenity in not instituting a criminal process against him, was the favour that neither himself nor his family might hereafter be troubled with his presence.

The feelings of young Ladelock on the reception of this letter can be better imagined than described. He saw himself at once a vagabond, spurned by his former patron and his family, to one of whom he had anticipated to be in a few days united by the tender ties of wedlock.—In vain did he write, both to Moreton and his daughter, attesting his innocence—his letters were returned unopened. Finding his reputation, and prospects entirely blasted in Cincinnati, he threw himself carelessly on board a steamboat bound for New Orleans, and was no more heard of until about six months after, when Winover having received information of his death, hastened to communicate the news to Emily, who ever since his absence had asserted her doubts of his guilt—had retired from all gay company, and seemed pining under disappointed love or broken spirits.

Ladelock was now entirely forgotten in the mercantile house of Moreton and Winover, where business went on as usual for another year, and nothing extraordinary occurred till the lamented accident of Moreton's being drowned, as related above. At the news of the death of the principal, business was carried on by Winover alone; and week after week passed in which few things worthy relating, occurred in the bereaved family, except some particulars respecting Miss Emily. The lovely flower which had been doomed to receive a second shock from the news of the death of her beloved father, was fast declining in health, and seldom seen from home.

About three months after this loss, she was sitting pensively one evening in her retired room

"While gentle eyes for him,
With weeping many an anxious day,
Grew sorrowful and dim,"

when a relation and friend of her late father, who lived in a remote part of the city, called to see her, and requested she would accompany him home. To his earnest entreaties, she at last consented, after being told that something of the utmost importance to her and her family required her to accompany him. After remaining a few minutes at the house of this friend, she was conducted to a back room, and had no sooner raised her eyes to perceive what company she was to be introduced to, than with a sudden shriek she fell to the floor. After her astonished senses had recovered from the momentary swoon of unutterable amazement, she found herself held in the fond embrace of whom?—her own fond father, whom she entertained no doubt was in his watery grave! How was her astonishment increased when she beheld that the person who now stood beside her, and extended his welcome hand was once fondly cherished in her recollections, though also supposed to be in his silent grave—her formerly beloved Ladelock!

As the reader is perhaps now almost as much astonished as was Emily at what has just been related, he shall be kept in suspense no longer than is necessary to give an explanation; for which purpose his attention is recalled to the solitary hut of the woodcutter, on the lonely bank of the Mississippi. It will not require an extraordinary degree of sagacity, to anticipate from what has already been related, that the woodcutter was no other than George Ladelock himself. Instead of being dead as had been rumoured, partly by design to allay the agitated mind of Emily; he had left the boat, aboard of which he had left Cincinnati, and landed at the hut of his predecessor without any notice being taken of the circumstance, except by the clerk, with whom he settled his passage. Here with spirits much depressed by his late disappointment and disgrace, he assumed the woodcutter's garb, habituated his athletic limbs to the use of the axe, and determined for a time, at least, to exchange that society with which he had become disgusted, for a life very nearly resembling that of a hermit. He had in less than a year become the owner of the little cot which he had entered as a helpmate; and we know not how long he might have continued his hardy occupation, had it not been for the catastrophe of Moreton's falling overboard; to rescue whom he had plunged into the water, but could not succeed in finding till after his companions had departed, as has been related. The boat had scarcely got out of sight, however, when the body was found, apparently dead, but being conveyed into the hut, being rubbed and chafed, and receiving the application of such remedies as the good sense of Ladelock suggested, was at least restored to animation and health.

The astonishment and gratitude of Moreton, after recovering his senses in finding himself in the hands of his formerly discarded clerk, who was bestowing on him every kind office and attention his situation afforded, may well be imagined. Being entirely restored, and having little to do but to converse with the preserver of his life, an explanation ensued by which Ladelock eradicated every suspicion, as to the charge of his previous crime. After exhibiting papers he had lately procured by means of a confidential correspondence, through the medium of the post office, at the settlement nearest to his solitary residence, it was made to appear beyond a doubt that the fifty dollar note he had laid out at the tailor's, though on the same bank of the one he had been accused of stealing, was of a different number, and one he had received some time previous, in a manner to be satisfactorily accounted for—and that his disgrace, and expulsion from business in Cincinnati, was caused by the designing Winover, who had himself displaced the money, for the purpose of bringing Ladelock into suspicion, and preventing a match to which he and his wife had always been opposed.

The woodcutter now again metamorphosed into George Ladelock, had no sooner requested that he should return with his former patron to Cincinnati, and receive the hand of Emily, than his proposal was joyfully acceded to by the grateful old gentleman. But as it was necessary, first to send confidential letters to his distant relative, and wait their answer in order to make suitable arrangements. It was thought best not to undeceive the family in the supposition of his death till they had taken the steps necessary for displacing the villainous Winover, who had now usurped the whole concern of the mercantile business. After accomplishing his object, Moreton in company with Ladelock, took a private berth in a steamboat, and landed secretly at the house of his confidential relative, where Emily was persuaded to make the visit, which restored her to her father and betrothed husband.

The next day presented a scene of equal astonishment, and more consternation than the previous. A messenger was despatched to the intriguing Winover, requesting his immediate attendance at the house of Mr. Moreton, relative on business of importance. Having arrived he was conducted to the private apartment where he was nearly petrified in finding himself in the company of two persons whom he had supposed were in their graves, both of whom he was conscious of having wronged. After being restored to a sufficient degree of self possession to read the papers that Ladelock had procured as evidence of his guilt, he shrunk like a condemned criminal into a corner, and did not hesitate to give his immediate signature to an article already prepared, whereby on receiving his just portion of the stock on hand, he relinquished all further interest in the firm of which he had been an unworthy partner. It is scarcely necessary to add that in a very short time Ladelock became the husband of Emily, the confidential friend of his father-in-law, and a partner in his business and prosperity.

The last time we saw him he was in company with his wife and Mr. Moreton, on a pleasant trip to New Orleans. Emily's health and spirits were completely restored. On our way we passed the identical hut on the lonely bank of the Mississippi, to which our attention was called by its former tenants, at the time we received from them the items from which with fictitious names, we have constructed the tale of the WOODCUTTER.

COURTSHIP.—FOR THE LADIES.

Do not marry a fop. There is, in such a character, nothing of true dignity. There is nothing except his form, and hardly that, which classifies him with the human species. There is nothing about him that can command respect—and there is nothing that will ever insure him a decent standing in the community. He is known only by his dress, his vapid conversation, and his idle habits. His very attitude and gait proclaim to the stranger who he is, though he only passes him silently in the street. To unite your destiny with such a man would be to impress the seal of disgrace upon your character, and the seal of wretchedness upon your doom. Never let it be said respecting you, "she has married a fop."

Do not marry a spendthrift. Even if he possesses millions, you cannot venture your destiny with his without hazarding your happiness. If he be a spendthrift, you have no security that he will not, at no distant day, plunge you into all the trials of poverty. If he is a spendthrift, tho' he now possesses a fortune, you would wed yourself to a man who will at length not only bring upon you poverty, but disgrace and shame, by his vices and crimes.

How many females, and females too, of great accomplishments, consent to unite themselves to men of fortune, with the perfect knowledge that they are profligate and prodigal in their habits! Soon their immense fortune disappears, like the snow before the summer's sun. A thousand is squandered here, and a thousand there, till in a short time, the female who has rolled amid the overflowing bounties of Providence, is left to provide, with her own hands, bread for herself and for her more than orphan children. Her husband has, perhaps, many amiable qualities; has a mind richly stored with learning; dignified and elegant in his personal appearance; but in early life, through the indulgence of too fond parents, he became a spendthrift. The habit grew upon him as he advanced in years. Now it is the fearful rock upon which the fortunes of himself and family have been wrecked.

Do not marry a miser. Such a man may be rich, but you could expect that his riches would yield you little else than misery. You will be mortified by such a connexion in a thousand ways. You will never be able to meet with a liberal spirit, any of the calls of charity which it is the trial of our fellow men to make, and which it is our duty and privilege to entertain. For every cent that you give away, you will be called to a strict account by your penurious husband. Such will be his avaricious desire after wealth, that he will be regardless of your own personal comfort. A thousand little comforts which families need, you will not have in your power to supply. You will have the mortification of treading on gold and pearls, and yet the trial of a rapacious injunction from your husband, not to appropriate a dollar to your own convenience. Such a man will grudge you the very bread you eat, and the raiment you wear. His lust for filthy lucre will triumph over his natural affection, and brutalize the last feeling of humanity in his soul. To add to his ill gotten gains, he would not scruple to convert you and your little ones, and your furniture into stock, and sell you to the highest bidder. If you have a noble and generous spirit, he will break it down, and mould and fashion it after his own. He will never rest till he makes misers of you and your children. And where can there be found, in all the compass of God's creation, a more useless, selfish, cold-hearted, dishonored community than a miser's family?—They would see entombed the entire race, from want, and land and ocean hung with the drapery of mourning; and yet with hearts obdurate as hell, shut their eyes to the solemn spectacle, and turn away to pay their devotions to Mammon.

Do not marry any man who is not industrious in some honourable vocation.

If the man to whom you would unite yourself is without employment, you have no assurance that he will not fall into vicious company and contract the most destructive habits. A man without property, and without business too, will never render you happy. But if he be without property, and yet is an industrious man, you have a guarantee in his industry, that, with the smiles of Providence, you will never come to want, or have fastened on you the miseries of a dissipated husband. A habit of industry, once formed, is not likely to be ever lost. Place the individual in whatever circumstances you will, and he will not be satisfied unless he can be active. His habit of industry too, will impart to his character an energy and efficiency and dignity which will always secure for him the respect of his fellow men. It will protect him from the society of the idle, the vicious and the abandoned, and make him a blessing to yourself and to society.

Again. Do not marry a man who is sceptical in his principles. If he be an avowed infidel, or if he hold any fundamental error in religion, and yet have every other qualification which you could desire, it would be an act of infatuation in you to consent to become his wife. If you marry such a man, you marry a man who will have associated with his infidelity some other dreadful defect of moral character. One sin, like one grace, is never found alone. If there is one prominent defect, there will be many others. You marry a man, too, in such a case, who can never secure the respect of society. He will be cast out from all decent company. You will, after a little while, perhaps, imbibe his sentiments, and think just as he does, and go on with him in his dreary, cheerless, guilty pathway to perdition. You may rest assured that you cannot be the constant companion of an infidel without breathing at atmosphere that is strongly impregnated with moral corruption; and it were little short of a miracle if you should breathe such an atmosphere without inhaling the elements of death. If I were to see you united to such a man, though I would still commend you to a God of mercy, I should weep over your lot as if your ruin were already accomplished.

Again. Do not marry a man of questionable morality. If he is addicted to only a single vice, you have no security that he will not, by and by, sink into the vortex of profligacy. If he be a profane man, how can you consent to marry him? If he be a gambler, how can you marry him? If he is in the habit of tippling, how can you marry him? If he is in the habit of visiting the house of her whose house is the way to hell, going down to the chambers of death, how can you marry him? His profanity may grow upon him till he blasphemes the God of heaven, and every word becomes an oath. His habit of gaming may grow upon him till he squanders all that he has. His habit of tippling may get the advantage of him, and at no distant day he may become a shameless sot. His licentious habits may grow upon him till he becomes loathsome from disease, and entails the greatest of curses upon you and your children.

Will you for such a man, sacrifice your own happiness and respectability? Will you give up your circle of friends, and by associating yourself with such a man, prepare for yourself a cup more bitter than wormwood and gall? O, what recklessness do females often exhibit in rushing into connexions which they know will prove a source of tears, shame, anguish and despair—a connexion, too, which nothing can dissolve but death itself!

AUTUMN.

BY I. C. PRAY, JR.

Autumn! rich autumn! decked with crimson robes,
Gathered in knots made fast with pliant vines,—
There is fruition in thy playful smiles
And cheek sun-scorched, and flushed with shooting hues.
The olive-branch hangs down upon thy neck,
And swollen wheat bends nodding o'er thy brow
In softest dalliance with thy dimpling cheeks!
Thy mirthful shouts of laughter oft ring out
Upon the hills, and echo mocks them there!
The drooping corn with joy lifts up its head,
And listens to the oft re-echoed laugh;—
The birds above thee sing with mellow throats,
And fly around thee, while the golden corn—
Those fruits of industry, more rich to man
Than solid wedges from the miser's chest,
Thou closely crowdest in thy twisted horn.
Oh! Autumn, blessed Autumn, still dwell here:
For sweet it is, thy quick unheeding dance
To see, amid the oaks and mazy groves!
A joy transcendant rises in my breast.
To look upon the branches of the trees,
Where hanging o'er the surface of the brook,
Thou gatherest up the grapes, out-bursting, full
With luscious juice made richer by the sun!

Smile on! thou laughing girl! with plenty smile!
And on the floor, amid the heaped-up wheat,
Lie down, and with thy fairy hand unlock
The full, ripe kernels of the silk-bound corn,
And scatter them in rich profusion round.
Autumn! thou giver of substantial gifts.
The time must come for thee to move away,
And smile on hills afar on other climes;
But never shall thy votary here forget
The bounteous stores thou gavest to his home
Welcome! thrice welcome when thou dost return
To guard the wholsome fruit upon hills,
And to our garners bring the yellow corn.
Farewell till then! oh, wheat crowned girl farewell!

A THRILLING SKETCH.

A portal of the arena opened, and the combatant, with a mantle thrown over his face and figure, was let into the surrounding airy. The lion roared and ramped against the bars of his den at the sight. The guard put a sword and buckler into the hand of the christian and he was left alone. He drew the mantle from his face and bent a slow and firm look around the amphitheatre. His fine countenance and lofty bearing raised an universal shout of admiration. He might have stood for an Apollo encountering the Python. Could I believe my senses? Constantius stood before me.

All my rancour vanished. An hour past, I could have struck the betrayer to the heart; I could have called on the severest vengeance of man and heaven to smite the destroyer of my child. But to see him hopelessly doomed, the man, whom I had honored for his noble qualities, whom I had ever loved, whose crime was at the worst but the crime of giving way to the strongest temptation that can bewilder the heart of man, to see this noble creature flung to the savage beast, dying in tortures, torn piece-meal before my eyes, and his misery wrought by me, I would have obtested earth and heaven to save him. But my tongue cleaved to the roof of my mouth. My limbs refused to stir. I would have thrown myself at the feet of Nero; but I sat like a man of stone; pale, paralyzed; the beating of my pulse stopped, my eyes alone were alive.

The gate of the den was thrown back, and the lion rushed in with a roar and a bound that bore him half across the arena. I saw the sword glitter in the air; when it waved again it was covered with blood. A howl told that the blow had been driven home. The lion, one of the largest from Numidia and made furious by thirst and hunger, an animal of prodigious power crouched for an instant, as if to make sure of his prey, crept a few paces onward and sprang at the victim's throat. He met with a second wound, but his impulse was irresistible. A cry of natural horror ran round the amphitheatre. The struggle was for instant life or death. They rolled over each other; the lion reared upon his hind feet, and with gnashing teeth and distended claws sprang upon the man; again they rose together. Anxiety was at its wildest height. The sword now swung around the champion's head in bloody circles. They fell again covered with blood and dust. The hands of Constantius had grasped the lion's mane, and the furious bounds of the monster could not lose the hold; but his strength was evidently giving way; he still struck terrible blows, but each weaker than the one before; till collecting his whole force for a last effort, he darted one mighty blow in the lion's throat, and sunk. The savage yelled and spouting blood, fled howling around the arena.—But the hand still grasped the mane, and his conqueror was dragged whirling through the dust at his heels. A universal outcry now arose to save him, if he were not already dead. But the lion, though bleeding from every vein, was still too terrible, and all shrank from the hazard. At last, the grasp gave way, and the body lay motionless on the ground.

What happened for some moments after, I know not. There was a struggle at the portal, a female forced her way through the guards, rushed in alone, and flung herself upon the victim. The sight of a new prey roused the lion; he tore the ground with his claws; he lifted up his mane and bared his fangs. But his approaching was no longer with a bound; he dreaded the sword, and came snuffling the blood on the sand and growling round the body in circuits still diminishing.

The confusion in the vast assemblage was now extreme. Voices innumerable called for aid.—Women screamed and fainted, men burst into indignant clamors at this prolonged cruelty.—Even the hard hearts of the populace, accustomed as they were to the sacrifices of life, were roused to honest curses. The guards grasped their arms, and waited but for a sign from the Emperor. But Nero gave no sign.

I looked upon the woman's face; it was Salome! I sprang to my feet. I called on her by every feeling of nature to come to my arms, to think of the agonies of all that loved her.

She had raised the head of Constantious on her knee, and was wiping the pale visage with her hair. At the sound of my voice she looked up, and calmly casting back the locks from her forehead, fixed her eyes on me. She still knelt; one hand supported the head, with the other she pointed to it, as her only answer. I again adjured her.

There was a silence of death among the thousands around me. A fire flashed into her eyes—her cheek burned; she waved her hand with an air of superb sorrow.

'I am come to die,' she uttered in a lofty tone. 'This bleeding body was my husband. I have no father. The world contains to me but this clay in my arms. Yet,' and she kissed the ashy lips before her, 'yet my Constantius; it was to save that father, that your generous heart defied the peril of this hour. It was to redeem him from the hand of evil, that you abandoned your quiet home! Yes, cruel father, here lies the noble being that threw open your dungeon, that led you safe through the conflagration, that to the last moment of his liberty, only thought how he might preserve and protect you.' Tears at length fell in floods from her eyes. 'But,' said she in a tone of wild despair; 'he was betrayed, and may the power whose thunders avenge the cause of his people, pour down just retribution upon the head that dared——

I heard my own condemnation about to be pronounced by the lips of my own child. Wound up to the last degree of suffering, I tore my hair leaped upon the bars before me, and plunged into the arena by her side. The height stunned me, I tottered a few paces and fell. The lion roared and sprang upon me. I lay helpless under him; I felt his fiery breath; I saw his lurid eye glaring; I heard the gnashing of his white fangs above me.

An exulting shout arose; I saw him rear as if struck, gore filled his jaws. Another mighty blow was driven to his heart. He sprang high in the air with a howl. He dropped; he was dead. The amphitheatre thundered with acclamations.

With Salome clinging to his bosom, Constantius raised me from the ground. The roar of the lion had roused him from his swoon, and two blows saved me. The falchion had broken in the heart of the monster. The whole multitude stood up supplicating for our lives in the name of filial piety and heroism. Nero, devil as he was, dared not resist the voice of popular feeling. He waved a signal to the guards; the portal was opened, and my children, sustaining my feeble steps, showered with garlands and ornaments from innumerable hands, slowly led me from the arena.

Whatever be the motive of insult, it is always best to overlook it; for folly scarcely can deserve resentment, and malice is punished by neglect.—*Johnson.*

RECOLLECTIONS

OF THE BATTLE OF ALGIERS.

By an Officer serving on board the Queen Charlotte.

During some discussions which took place in the House of Commons, in 1816, relative to the necessity, propriety, or expediency, of attacking the "war-like city" of Algiers, Lord Castlereagh, being much urged by ardent orators, unshackled by responsibility, to humble, or even to destroy that regency, avoided giving an affirmative or a negative to their importunities by this singular expression—that it was a question having "a broad face with large features." The very ambiguity of the observation gave hope, and seemed to contain a promise of exertion and enterprise to my companions, then nearly twenty years younger, and whose sanguine temperaments did not permit them to doubt that some humble part of the drama which they considered certainly about to be enacted would be assigned to their performance. Our occupations were at that time peaceably enough: we were stationed in my native county of Kent, in the beautiful village of Alesford, whither we had been sent to be removed from the vicinity of an election contesting at Rochester for a member of Parliament. My friends were not disappointed in the expectations they had formed, for in a short time most were employed in various preparations for the coming service in which they were destined to share.

It is so well known that Lord Exmouth, previous to leaving England, made such arrangements for the attack of Algiers, even to minute details, that it may be thought uncalled for to illustrate further than has already been done by others, that invaluable quality, foresight, which his lordship displayed upon so many occasions; but I cannot resist the temptation to relate two anecdotes. A few days previous to the departure of the expedition, an officer of the Rocket Corps and one of the Marine Artillery, who were to proceed from Woolwich in a transport, with rockets, carcasses, fire-torches, and other matters of this kind, for the service of the flotilla, breakfasted with Sir William Congreve, the Director of the Laboratory, who explained to them the intended plan of attack which he had the day before received in a conversation with Lord Exmouth. As the bold nature of it was eloquently developed by Sir William, the ears and eyes of his auditors, knowing they were to become actors, opened very wide, and their serious attention was attracted (at least that of one of them.) Sir William, thinking, perhaps, that he brought a forlorn hope to view, considerately and laughingly added, "But all this is not gospel, for Lord Exmouth will not do all he says to the letter." However, Lord Exmouth did what he said he would, almost to the letter. Immediately on the arrival of the expedition at Gibraltar, it was arranged for the Dutch squadron to co-operate with ours. The Dutch Admiral wished to have some Congreve rockets, and desired to be shown the method of using them. Accordingly Mr. Gaze, the Master of the Fleet, other officers whose names I do not remember, and myself, went on board one of their frigates after dark, and fired some 32-pounder carcass rockets from one of her boats, then returned to the frigate, where the Captain regaled us in his cabin with hock and Seltzer water. The weather being very warm, the beverage was very agreeable, and a conversation took place, in which Mr. Gaze detailed what was intended to be done; in effect the same as Sir William Congreve related in the Repository at Woolwich, but in a manner still more filled up.

"Here we will drop our anchor," said Gaze.

"But suppose the cable should be shot away," said the Dutch Captain.

"Then we have two others."

"But suppose these should also be destroyed."

"Then we will lash the Queen Charlotte to a brig we know to be there."

"But suppose all these resources fail; that the brig is no longer there; and all your cables are shot away."

Mr. Gaze's good humour was not exhausted; he quietly replied, "We shall then ground the ship alongside the Mole-head battery."

And the conversation ended with a laugh.

Every where people may be found who think they excel in criticising. At Gibraltar some of this description were very bright in ridicule, and sharp in sarcasm, because of some certain expenditure of powder and shot in the exercise of the not-very-lately practised crews of our fleet, on the passage from England; but like most of Lord Exmouth's precautions, dictated as they were by foresight, it was justified by the result.

The fleet sailed from Gibraltar on the 14th of August; but owing to a strong easterly wind, called a bright Levanter, and during which the weathermost part of the horizon glows with a red dazzling haze, not very unlike the mouth of a heated oven, the fleet made but slow progress, and in consequence a little impatience of delay was excited. There were souls "all on fire" to know "the rich reprisal was so near, and yet not theirs." The suspense was almost intolerable, and every good-humoured expedient was thought of to pass an hour in the evening after the duties of the day were in some degree finished; for so light and easy were the thoughts of honest men—ready, willing, all about to risk, and some to devote their limbs or lives for their King and country—that chess, charades, riddles, and conundrums, were not thought unworthy to occupy an hour, or to create mirth or amusement in those whose minds were already made up for sterner matters. Curiosity, too, as well as impatience at delay, was an annoyance; for some of us wished to know what terms were to be offered to the Dey; and Mr. Salame was continually beset with questions on the subject, but without any particular result; for the only answer to be obtained was given in a very proper, provoking, oriental, and diplomatic sort of manner—"Oh, dear me, I never have any news."—"Well, but, Salame, what are we to do with the Dey?"—"Oh, dear, we must cut his head off?" Nothing more was to be obtained from the trusty, excellent, and respected interpreter. However, our curiosity was about to be gratified in a manner the relation of which may be a warning to secretaries. Some pieces of paper were thrown overboard by the writers in the Admiral's cabin, to be destroyed; but instead of falling into the water, as no doubt they were intended to do, they were wafted by an eddy of wind into a part of the ward-room. They contained a full and complete draught of the terms to be offered, and which were found to be precisely those afterwards accepted by his Highness.

During the night of the 26th we drew near to the African shore, not far from the object of our destination. The mountains are very high, and their summits were blazing with immense alarm-fires, indicating our approach. The easterly wind slowly died away, and was succeeded by a moderate or rather light westerly breeze. Early on the 27th Algiers lay before us, and as the sun rose we saw a "fair city on the side of a hill," shining bright and beautiful; for at our distance its defects were not discernible. On nearer approach the defences became visible; and the batteries were discovered to be studded with artillery, as thickly set as space permitted, amounting to several hundred guns.—Numerous clear red flags formed a sparkling contrast to the whiteness of the houses. Flags variously striped were also seen on the walls; these were the banners of different Moorish chiefs assembled to defend the Crescent.

The Dey's Palace, in 1816, was in the middle of the town, or rather lower, towards the sea. A very large crimson flag, the largest I ever saw, waved slowly and majestically over it. It was said to be composed of silk; decorated with silver stars and crescents. This may have been the case; but I could neither distinguish the materials of which it was made nor the emblems it bore. Smoke from numerous fires curled above the parapets, which were then concluded to proceed from furnaces for heating shot. I did not hear, however, that any such were used.

Breakfast on this morning, as usual, in the ward room was a cheerful and animated repast. The probable result of the approaching combat was minutely discussed by those whose experience enabled them to form a judgment, and by some others.—Many officers wrote memorandums for friends whom the events of the next few hours might separate in this world for ever; but no gloomy forebodings clouded any brow. Several previous arrangements were now made known; the First Lieutenant (Mitchell) was appointed Commander of the flotilla, and Lieutenant Peter Richards to succeed to his station, which he filled during the remainder of the service.

A flag of truce was to be sent in charge of Lieutenant Burgess, and Mr. Salame was of course to accompany it. This gentleman had hitherto worn an oriental costume which, being considered inappropriate to the British interpreter and ill calculated to produce a good moral effect, he was in haste equipped in a blue surtout, black cravat, and round hat—I think Mr. Burgess furnished them for the

departed on its mission. Shortly afterwards I was summoned by the Chief, and received his directions for a distribution of rockets to the Impregnable and to other ships. I have in my possession a memorandum on the subject, corrected in his hand-writing. On returning from the execution of this duty I found the ship quite cleared for action; the men and officers had dined, but I had not; the consideration of the caterer, however, soon removed any apprehension of fighting without a dinner, which is not to be desired, and I was quickly furnished with a sufficiency.

Ascending the deck, I found the fleet lying to, perhaps a mile and a half from the town. Lord Exmouth was standing on the brink of the poop, attired as usual in an undress uniform coat, without epaulets, white cravat and waistcoat, with nankeen trowsers, gaiters, and shoes, having a spy-glass in his hand; the crew were called aft, and spoken to by his lordship in a few clear and expressive sentences, which were answered by one short cheer, followed by an instantaneous quick movement, approaching to a rush, down to their respective quarters. Those who heard that cheer can scarcely have forgotten it; it was not loud, boastful, or arrogant, but seemed a respectful assurance and reply from men who were determined to do their duty to extremity. I believe the word "Infallible" was at this time signalized to the fleet; but writing from recollection, unassisted by notes, I may be mistaken. The order was given to "annul the truce," and to "hoist the jib;" the ship paid off and stood slowly towards the anchorage. About this time the Captain of a French frigate, who was thought to have been rather too friendly with the Algerines, came on board to answer some questions put to him by the Commander-in-Chief. He was a tall, handsome, well-dressed gentlemanlike man, and seemed deeply impressed with what he saw, and what few of his brother officers could ever have seen,—the main, middle, and quarter-deck of a British three-decker cleared for action, and running down to battle.

The bombs had taken their station; one appearing too close, was ordered by signal to move farther out; circumstances, perhaps, did not permit this to be effected. Captain Brisbane ascended a few steps of the starboard poop-ladder to address Lord Exmouth, who was standing near the top of it, and asked if the men should lie down at their quarters. Lord Exmouth replied, "If the enemy do open any fire the men can lie down as we run in; however, I don't think they will." The enemy were seen loading their guns, which appeared too much elevated; on nearer approach, and coming opposite to them, their muzzles frowned like black full moons upon us; crowds of people gathered round the Mole Head, and I saw Lord Exmouth, in a manner indicating pity and impatience, mutter something, and wave to them with his hat to get out of the way.

We brought in a light and pleasant breeze, but when we anchored it was nearly calm; the sudden glow of heat, and many sorts of effluvia we then became sensible of, would have reminded us how close we were to our foes, even if we had not seen them. A minute's pause enabled us to look around; the Moors' faces—even their eyes—were visible. Two shots were now fired from the Fish-market Battery; whether they hit any of the ships I cannot say, but they boomed close along the Queen Charlotte's starboard broadside—whilst at that instant not another sound moved over the sea. I looked steadfastly at Lord Exmouth, and saw his countenance light up (which before was thoughtful,) and it appeared to me that an expression of triumph shone in his face, as he said—"You may fire away now." Prompt was the obedience to this order—every gun on the starboard broadside seemed discharged in one tremendous salvo: the cannon on all the defences of the town were quickly fired, but no great mischief appeared to be done to us by the first round; a shot struck a carronade on the after-part of the poop; the splinters flew from its carriage as chips from a woodman's axe, but not so harmless, for one poor fellow was hit, and borne off; blood trickling on the deck marked his route to the cockpit. Some six-pounder rockets were fired from the poop, and the Marines kept up an incessant discharge of musketry on gun-boats crowded with poor wretches, who, it is said, and I suppose it was the case, were making a demonstration, it could hardly be called an attempt, to board; however, it is certain few of them escaped the fire of the Leander and Queen Charlotte: the boats were sunk, many of their crew killed, and the rest were swimming,—even of those few could have survived.

The continued firing of the fleet and town—perhaps from 700 or 800 guns, besides mortars—produced a sound more like a continued roar than a succession of reports: it was difficult to hear, or to make any one hear, which I found depended more on the tone, perhaps I should say key, in which the voice was pitched, than the loudness of it. The thickness of the smoke preventing much being seen, produced impatience to know the effects that resulted from our firing, and as I mounted a few ratlings of the mizen-rigging in order to look around, a cheering and animating sight presented itself—but not unaccompanied by a feeling of pity for the suffering wretches we were opposed to, and who were so distinctly visible. The guns on the upper tier of the battery opposite the Queen Charlotte's broadside were nearly all dismounted, and jammed in various positions amidst the ruins of the parapet; crowds of the enemy were rushing through a narrow postern, making a desperate effort to escape the destruction which threatened them. The distant batteries continued firing until the end of the action; but those close to us being greatly quieted, it was determined to board and burn the outward frigate. Observing Major Gosset of the Engineers, Lieutenant Peter Richards of the Navy, and Lieutenant Wolrige of the Marine Artillery, in a boat under the larboard entering port, ready to start for this enterprise, I sent to them some fire, or laboratory torches, that had been supplied from the Arsenal at Woolwich for the service against Algiers. Casualties were occurring from the enemy's musketry: one man said he was shot in the breast, but on opening his coat and shirt to examine the supposed wound, the ball fell out, and seemingly had done no injury: he was told that he was not hurt, and to cheer up, when the poor fellow, showing his arm covered with blood, said, quietly, although writhing with pain—"Ah, Sir, but the ball went through my arm first."

There were coils and ranges of bass cables on the pier-head, in which many of the enemy sheltered themselves, galling us with their musketry,—which became so troublesome, if not serious in its effects, that Lord Exmouth beckoned to an officer near him to come to the starboard-gangway, where his Lordship, fully exposed, very deliberately said—"You see we are a good deal annoyed by the musketry of those fellows," pointing to them; "try if you can dislodge them with a few eight-inch shells from the howitzer that is in the launch alongside." On endeavouring to execute this order, it was found that the manner in which the howitzer was mounted would not admit of its being directed to objects so near as the Algerines in the cables—nor more than sixty yards—without blowing out the bows of the boat; the piece, therefore, at this time, was not attempted to be discharged at them. Fire had communicated to some materials on the jib-boom of the Queen Charlotte; the flames were gathering head; but I saw Mr. Lumsdale, the Master, extinguish them with buckets of water that were handed to him along the bowsprit.

The outward frigate, which had been set on fire by the officers before mentioned, now thoroughly in flames, parted from her cable, and drifting clear of all, grounded not far from the Fish-market Battery; the other frigates, by her removal, becoming exposed to a fire from the flotilla, Captain Mitchell, at the request of the Artillery Officer, fetched a supply of eight-inch carcasses from the fore cockpit of the Queen Charlotte, where they were deposited, to a gun-boat lashed to the stern or stern-warp of the Leander, and about eighty yards from the remainder of the enemy's ships, which, after some considerable firing at, were observed to be in flames.—The Queen Charlotte now swung round, perhaps to bring her broadside to bear on the Fish-market Battery, or to avoid the burning frigate's drifting out of the Mole. A shot had cut in two the gun-boat's mast just below the rigging, which, with the mast-head, fell on the deck inclosing an individual beneath, doing him, however, no other injury than inflicting a few bruises and a minute's close confinement under the wreck. A man in a humble station, named Hipwell, who had earnestly volunteered to join the expedition, greatly distinguished himself in this boat, performing, by his activity, the duties of several men, and preserving a laughing good humour in this exposed situation; he observed to his officer that it was "Stroud fairday," and though well pleased to be where he was, it was a pity to lose that recreation.

So powerful was the light from the burning masses around, and so entirely was the mind occupied, and time being little noticed that I did not I perceived the moon and a star near it; thus there was a crescent and a star shining in the heavens as well as on the standard of the enemy.

All having now been achieved that could well be accomplished, the fleet and flotilla filled their sails to the land breeze, and stood out to seaward, except the gun-boat, which, as before observed, having her mast shot away, had recourse to oars, but with all the exertion that could be made, she would not stir a jot from her position; at length it was discovered that the jib, with some wreck of the rigging, hung overboard from the end of the bowsprit, and either stopped her by its weight, or had hooked to something under water. A brave fellow, with a stout heart and a sharp knife, by sliding out on the naked spar, and cutting the wreck adrift, removed the impediments and thus enabled the boat to follow her companions. This was a welcome release, for it was no pleasant prospect to be left behind to the mercy of such an enemy, and one too that had been so roughly handled.

The Algerines continued firing from their mortar batteries; the bombs and distant rocket-boats repeated destructive discharges until about eleven o'clock, and so ended this memorable conflict.—The next day his Highness acceded to the terms of the Commander-in-Chief, who tendered him the same which had been offered the morning of the battle. Peace was re-established, and salutes were exchanged between the victor and the vanquished.

After the action, while the boats were employed close into the Mole, weighing some anchors and cables belonging to the fleet, a sight presented itself, delightful at the time, and too gratifying in remembrance to be passed over without notice, namely, a large transport sent to the port to receive the Christian slaves, who, in consequence of the treaty just concluded, were thus unexpectedly liberated from that which but two days before must have appeared to them a hopeless state of bondage. The transport heeled over with their weight as they crowded the deck and mounted the rigging to give reiterated cheers to their deliverers.

Our gallant Chief bore on his person marks of the conflict; his coat was torn, the white silk lining hanging down, and on his face was a large white patch covering a wound from a splinter.

In conclusion, I may observe that these few facts are not intended to contain a description of the battle of Algiers, but are given only as recollections of events connected with it, which the writer witnessed.

On humble and grateful thanks being returned for victory and safety; it was remarked one Psalm, appropriated to the twenty-seventh day of the month, on which the battle was fought, is also allotted to the form of Prayer for Thanksgiving after Victory, and which made an impression that it is to be desired may never be obliterated.

ADVENTURE UPON THE ROAD,

OR THE MYSTERIOUS CORRESPONDENT.

The following curious circumstance is from "Nights at Mess," published in Blackwood's Magazine.

About thirty years ago, Mr. B. having at this time newly commenced business in Edinburgh, was returning on horseback from the city to a cottage he had near Carmond. It was a wild night in November, and though he usually took the seaside as the shortest way home, he resolved this evening, on account of the increasing darkness, to keep on the high road. When he had proceeded about three miles from the town, and had come to the loneliest part of the way, he was suddenly arrested by a man, who sprang out of a small copse at the roadside, and seized the bridle of the horse. Mr. B. was a man of great calmness and resolution, and asked the man the reason of his behavior, without betraying the smallest symptom of agitation. Not so the assailant. He held the bridle in his hand, but Mr. B. remarked that it trembled excessively. After remaining some time, as if irresolute what to do, and without uttering a word, he let go his hold of the rein.

Mr. B. was struck with the manner and appearance of the man, and said, "I fear you are in distress—is there any thing in which a stranger can assist you?"

"*Strangers* may, perhaps," replied the man, in a bitter tone, "for nothing is to be hoped from *friends*."

"You speak, I hope, under some momentary feeling of disappointment."

"Pass on, pass on," he said, impatiently, "I have no right to utter my complaints to you. Go home and thank the Almighty that a better spirit withheld me from my first intention, when I heard you approach, or this might have been ——" he suddenly paused.

"Stranger," said Mr. B. in a tone of real kindness, "you say you have no right to utter your complaints to me; I have certainly no right to pry into your concerns, but I am interested, I confess, by your manner and appearance, and frankly make you an offer of any assistance I can bestow."

"You know not, sir," replied the stranger, "the person to whom you make so generous a proposal—a wretch stained with vices—a robber"—"nay," he added, with a shudder, "perhaps a murderer."

"I care not—I care not for your former crimes—sufficient for me that you repent them—tell me wherein I can stand your friend!"

"For myself I am careless," replied the man; "but there is one who looks to me with eyes of quiet and still unchanged affection, though she knows that I have brought her from a home of comfort, to share the fate of an outcast and a beggar; I wished, for her sake, to become once more respectable, to leave a country were I am known, and to gain character, wealth, to all which she is so justly entitled, in a foreign land; but I have not a shilling in the world." Here he paused, and Mr. B. thought he saw him weep. He drew out his pocket-book, and unfolded a bank bill; he put it into the man's hand, and said—"Here is what I hope will ease you from your present difficulties—it is a note for a hundred pounds."

The man started as he received the paper, and said, in a low subdued tone, "I will not attempt to thank you, sir. May I ask your name and address?" Mr. B. gave him what he required.

"Farewell, sir," said the stranger. "When I have expiated my faults by a life of honesty and virtue, I will pray for you—till then I dare not."

Saying these words, he bounded over the hedge and disappeared. Mr. B. rode home, wondering at the occurrence; and he has often said since, that he never derived so much pleasure from a hundred pounds in his life. He related the adventure to several of his friends, but as they were not all endowed with the same generosity of spirit as himself, he was rather laughed at for his simplicity, and in the course of a few years an increasing and very prosperous business drove the transaction almost entirely from his mind. One day, however, about twelve years after the adventure, he was sitting with a few friends after dinner, when a note was put into his hands, the servant told him that the Leith carrier had brought a hogshead of Claret into the hall. He opened the note, and found it to contain an order for a hundred pounds, with interest up to that time, accompanied with the strongest expressions of gratitude for the service done to the writer long ago. It had no date; but informed him that he was happy, that he was respected and he was admitted partner of one of the first mercantile houses in the city where he lived. Every year the same present was continued, always accompanied with a letter. Mr. B., strange to say, made no great effort to discover his correspondent. The wine, as I have good reason to know, was the finest that could be had, for many a good magnum of it have I drank at the hospitable table of my friend.—At last he died, and the secret of who the mysterious correspondent might be, seemed in a fair way of dying with him. But my story is not yet done.

When the funeral of Mr. B. had reached the Grey friar's church yard, the procession was joined by a gentleman, who got out of a very elegant carriage at the door of the church. He was a tall, handsome man, about forty-five years of age, dressed in the deepest mourning. There were no armorial bearings on the pannel of his carriage, for I took the trouble to examine them very particularly myself. He was totally unknown to all the family; and after the ceremony, during which he appeared to be greatly affected, he went up to the chief mourner, and said,

"I hope, sir, you will excuse the intrusion of a stranger, but I could not refrain from paying the last tribute of respect to an excellent gentleman, who was at one time more my benefactor than any person living."

Saying this, he bowed, stept quickly into his carriage, and disappeared. Now, this, I have no doubt in my mind, was the very individual who had so much excited my curiosity. All I can say is, if he is still alive, I wish, when he dies, he would leave me his cellar of wine, for his judgment in that [illegible]

—SUNDAY READING.—

THE KNELL.

A silvery tone was on the summer air,—
But yet it was not music. The sweet birds
Were warbling wildly forth from grove and dell,
Their thrilling melodies,—yet this low tone
Chimed not with them. But in the secret soul
It claim'd a deep response,—for well I knew
The grave's prelusive melody.—I rose,
And sought the house of mourning,
Ah, pale friend!
Who speak'st not—look'st not—dost not give the hand,—
Hath love so perished in that marble breast,
Once its own soil?—Thou silent, changeless one!
The seal is on thy virtues—now no more
Like ours to waver in temptation's hour,—
Forebance to fall. Fear hath no more a power
To chill the life-stream, and frail hope doth fold
Her rainbow wing, and sink to rest with thee.
'Tis good to be unclothed, and sleep in peace.
Friend!—Friend!—I would not lose thee! Thou hast been
The sharer in my sympathies,—the soul
That prompted me to good,—the hand that shed
Dew on my budding virtues. In the scenes
Where we have dwelt or wandered—I am now
But a divided being. None are left
To love as thou hast loved.
—But yet, to share
A few more welcomes from thy soft, blue eye,
A few more pressures of thy snowy hand
And ruby lip, I would not bind thee here
To all that power and plenitude of ill
Which we inherit.—Hence, thou selfish grief!—
Thy root is in the earth, and all thy fruits
Bitter and baneful. *Holy joy* should spring
When our co-heirs of immortality
Assume their glorious portion. Go, beloved!
First, for thou wert most worthy.—I will strive
As best such frail one may,—to follow thee.

ANONYMOUS.

THE RESURRECTION OF CHRIST.

This is the most remarkable miracle in the Gospel. Peruse the history with care; and you must conclude, either that he rose, or that his disciples stole the body away. The more the last is considered, the more improbable it appears. Jesus had declared, that he would rise again on the third day. The heads of the Jewish nation knew this, and determined to prevent any craft or force being employed by his followers, to take the body from the tomb, and then pretend that he was risen. A stone is rolled to the mouth of the sepulchre; a seal is fixed upon it, and a guard of Roman soldiers set. Will the timid disciples, who ran away when their master was seized, now attack a band of armed men; or could they hope to carry off the body secretly? what is more improbable! Besides, if they had reason to think their master had deceived them, and filled their minds with false expectations; instead of running any risk to get the body into their possession, they would rather have renounced all connexion with him for ever. Had they even stolen away the body, as was said, that would have entirely cooled the ardour of their affections, and have banished the enthusiasm of love from their breasts, never to return. But their future lives, by the ardent fervour of their affectionate zeal, still more strongly confute the supposition.

It is evident the body is gone. The Apostles describe the resurrection of their Master; and assert, that he appeared to them on the very day he rose, and frequently afterwards. Read the soldier's account, Matt. xxviii. Observe the conduct of the Rulers. Why do they not order the Apostles to be seized? Why do they not command the soldiers to be punished? Why do they not bring the whole to a judicial determination? Why is this neglect in men who had been so anxious to have a guard placed on the sepulchre? On the supposition of the resurrection of Jesus, the whole is natural and easy; on a supposition, that the disciples came and stole the body away, every thing is inexplicable.

BOGUE.

DEATH A BLESSING.

The death of a believer has been useful. It has encouraged and established those who were walking in the way to Zion, with many a trembling step, and many a shivering fear how it would go with them at last. When they have viewed a dying Christian, and have seen the grace of God, they have been glad; their courage has been revived, and they have rejoiced in hope. Why may it not be so with me? After turning their backs on a sermon, the careless have been convinced by a dying bed. There the evidence was too plain to be denied, too solemn to be ridiculed. The death of the saint has proved the life of the sinner.

The death of a parent has been useful. His expiring charge has never been forgotten. The thought of separation for even from one so loved and valued, has awakened in the son a salutary fear. Returning from a father's grave, he has met with God, saying, "Wilt thou not from this time cry unto me, My Father! thou art the guide of my youth?" And the death of the parent has proved the life of the child.

The death of a minister has been useful. Some of the servants of God have laboured faithfully, without seeing the fruit of their labours. One has sown, and another has reaped; the servant of God has been but little regarded while living; but when dead, his word has recurred with power to the conscience; his addresses, prayers, and tears, have been remembered by the people; and the expectation of meeting him at the last day, has forced them to exclaim, How shall we escape! And the death of the minister has proved the life of the hearer.

The death of the martyr has been useful. His patience and fortitude; his joy and triumph; his forgiveness of injuries, and his prayers for his persecutors, have struck beholders, rendered a religion honourable that could produce such marvellous effects, led to an examination of its evidences; and faith and zeal have been the result of inquiry. The wrath of man has praised God,—and the blood of the martyrs has been the seed of the church.

But where are we now? We have an example to produce infinitely greater than all these. Let us leave the disciples and behold their Lord, Jesus died, and his death is the life of the world. "I, if I be lifted up," said he, "will draw all men unto me."

JAY.

TO YOUNG MEN.—There is no moral object so beautiful to me as a conscientious young man. I watch him as I do a star in the heavens; clouds may be before him, but we know that his light is behind them, and will beam again; the blaze of others popularity may outshine him, but we know that though unknown, he illumes his own true sphere. He resists temptation, without a struggle, for that is not virtue; but he does resist and conquer; he bears the sarcasms of the profligate, and it stings him, for that is the trial of virtue, but heals the wound with his own pure touch. He heeds not the watchword of fashion, if it leads to sin; the atheist, who says, not only in his heart, but with his lips, 'there is no God!' controls him not; he sees the hand of a creating God, and rejoices in it.

Woman is sheltered by fond arms, and loving counsel; old age is protected by its experience and manhood by its strength, but the young man stands amid the temptations of the world, like a self-balanced tower: happy he who seeks, and gains the prop and shelter of morality.

Onward then conscientious youth!—raise thy standard and nerve thyself for goodness. If God has given thee intellectual power, awaken it in that cause; never let it be said of thee he helped to swell the tide of sin by pouring his influence into its channels. If thou art feeble in mental strength, throw not that drop into a polluted current. Awake, arise, young man! assume the beautiful garb of virtue! It is fearfully easy to sin; it is difficult to be pure and holy. Put on thy strength, then! let thy chivalry be aroused against error! let the Truth be the Lady of thy love—defend her.

AFFECTION.—Affections well placed and dutifully cherished; friendships happily formed, and faithfully maintained; knowledge acquired with worthy talent, and intellectual powers that have been diligently improved as the talents which our Lord and Master has committed to our keeping; these will accompany us into another state of existence, surely as the soul in that state retains its identity and consciousness.

I do not believe spiritual prayers can ever be unavailing, though they may not be answered instantaneously. I may pray for my own growth in grace, and [illegible]

FOREIGN VARIETIES.

Shetland Isles paper.—We have been much gratified by receiving a copy of *The Shetland Journal*, a newspaper got up in a very creditable manner, both editorially and mechanically, by our northern brethren of one of the islands.—It is, indeed, an extraordinary production for people who, so few years since, were sitting in total darkness.

The yellow fever is raging to a terrible extent in the island of Barbadoes.

A bazaar for the benefit of the Suffolk County Hospital, took place at Bury, on Saturday, under the auspices of the Marchioness of Bristol, the Countess of Euston, and other ladies, and produced the astonishing sum of £1346 4s.

A public ceremony is about to be celebrated in Bath, England, at a distance of two miles from that city.

The wooden walls of old England are to be built of French oak; 300 loads of which, that had been floating down the Loire from Orleans, have reached the Portsmouth Dock Yard. This is capturing French naval timber sooner than Lord Nelson did it.

The Telegraphs between Liverpool and Holyhead work exceedingly well. A question can be asked and an answer given in a minute, although the distance by Holyhead and back, is 144 miles; and in some instances the signals have been conveyed at the rate of 225 miles per minute.

A Rail-road from London to Oxford is said to be in contemplation by way of Uxbridge, Beaconsfield, Wycombe, and Thame. A meeting is intended to be held soon in Oxford to take the scheme into contemplation.

At Thames Bank, Chelsea, England, a building for the manufacture of sugar from the beet is in the course of erection. A large quantity of ground is this tyranny of Wandsworth is now devoted to the growth of the beet.

A new style of lighting with gas is about to be introduced into the French capital. The streets, or streets, squares, quays and bridges will be described on the new lanterns, which will preserve both day and night to show the way to persons not familiar with Paris.

A Frenchman in Paris agreed to pay a broker five per cent. on the legacy he should receive from a wealthy heiress if a marriage was effected. The broker succeeded in effecting the marriage, but the husband refused to pay the commission. The broker sued before the court of First Instance, but was non-suited.—In appeal to the Royal Court this decision was confirmed.

The farmers near Liverpool are taking *Ids* a use for hay at present, a price unknown since the war.

His Grace the Duke of Portland has subscribed the munificent sum of £1,000 to the metropolitan church fund.

The Duke of Newcastle became the purchaser of nearly three-fourths of the crown estates at Newark, sold on Friday. The purchases were made at very high prices.

The payment of the Spanish dividend has been at length formally announced.

General Lemarrois, one of the most devoted and faithful friends of Napoleon, died in Paris lately, after a long and painful illness.

We learn from the latest accounts that the establishment of the Bolivian Mining Company in Aroa had been attacked by a band of robbers, and plundered of 10,000 dollars. Several of the men were killed.

The New-Brunswick papers announce the arrival at Messrs. Crane and Wilmot, from England. These gentlemen were appointed by the House of Assembly of that Province, to lay before his Majesty's Government, the Address of that House on various matters of deep import to the colony. It is understood that their mission has been eminently successful. Lord Glenelg is said to have acceded to all their wishes.

Grateful Recollections.—Captain Sudbury of our English Navy, lately received a compliment of gold dust, valued at £13,000, (over $60,000) from the slave coast of Africa, as a present from one of the native princes, whom he had saved from slavery among a whole cargo of slaves which he had captured. The head of the present is worthy of record.

Profitable Farm.—A farmer in Lympstone, in England, had his worldly estate increased, in one day, during the last month of October, by the accession of two colts, nine pigs, five pounds of cider, seven guineas and two hogs!! Glory enough for one day.

The age of Projects.—Amongst the bubbles of the day is one mentioned by the London Chronicle of the 1st instant, of a company, the object of which is to fish up, by means of diving bells, the stores of guns and gold, &c. lost in the Tiber at this three unto the mineral waters of Cotazzo-no, on the spot near the Seraphic. The result of one attempt of the Spaniards to obtain this ancient treasure having been ineffectual.

Ghosting.—It is not generally known that there is a town in France which was once the residence of Demetrius Cantemir, who was a favorite with the French army. This man had the honest pedigree of any man living or who has since lived, for he had received six and thirteen emperors for his ancestors! Six of one were emperors of Constantinople, and thirteen of the Heraclean Pontus; eighteen kings of Cedes and eight of Lazi!

The New Orleans Bee of the 5th inst. states that a man named Barre was stabbed in a fight in the preceding night by a negro named T. G. Reynolds, and expired immediately.—The latter, who was a clerk in one of the banks, has been arrested. The event had caused great excitement among the French portion of the population.

The British fleet in the Tagus consists of the Talavera, 74, stationed off the Tower of Belem, in the centre of Lisbon; the Malabar, 74, off Belem; and the Talavera, 74, Endymion frigate, and Pearl corvette, lying midway between the Malabar and the Talavera. Others were expected daily.

Monument to Marco Bozzaris.—M. David has recently executed a beautiful statue in Rome, which represents a young girl with a crown of laurel in her hand, and her finger pointing to the name of the illustrious Greek hero. It has been placed on his tomb at Missolonghi.

Lion. A young upstart once boasted in company that he was the lion of the day.

"You must acknowledge," said one present, "that you are not yet old enough to be the *lion*, if we are all willing to allow that you are a *kid*."

A letter of the 24th ult. from Naples states, at Nocera Vesuvius had on the 7th had its several slight eruptions, the flames rising to a considerable height. The inhabitants were alarmed at the noise. A grand eruption was expected.

The French Government intends to preserve what it has in Africa, but not to conquer more.

Arabic Text suggests that probably Mr. Forsyth, the Edinburgh Reviewer, who had been confined to his bed, at Glasgow, with a severe cold, contracted the malady from a too evidence of words.

Some Madagascar cotton recently received England, is called—but the quality is not worthy of the name.

General Le Marrois, late aid to Napoleon, died recently at Paris, aged 60.

Hassan Bey the tyrannical governor of Smyrna has been assassinated.

In a duel between two students at Liege, the challenger had his nose shot off.

At a meeting of the Directors of the Bank of Ireland, it was determined to raise the discount from 3 to 4 per cent. per cent. The reason is that we have also declined taking Exchequer bills, which, yesterday, stood at par.

The Portrait Painters of China are beginning to emulate the European artists. One of their late efforts was to make the true resemblance of a horse, and ground so close an imitation that much of the English passion were deceived.

The Widows in the Hog.—In some part of the West of England, when a black pudding or hog, an old wag in most cottages in that by a chimney, as a preventive against the burning to the pot if a person's fire chance to be near the stronger.

The navy of Britain has lost one of its veteran nation by the decease of Admiral the Honorable James Lord De Saumarez G. C. B., who event took place at his residence, Shirley, Southampton, in the island of Guernsey.

Importation of Hay.—It forms a curious item in the agricultural statistics of the country, that we are now importing hay to America. A vessel is about to sail with a cargo of 1000 tons of hay from Aberdeen, and a larger will soon follow from Cork. Of course we are to be presume that the trouses have been subjected to the discriminating duty the hydraulic press, and so the bale has been reduced to English dimensions.

Reward of morbidly grandeur.—On the night on the occasion of the late Mr. Rothschild being installed from his house in the London Union House Quay, it was discovered that by learne was too small to admit the coach which to that house. After considerable delay, a person got on, standing in Thames street, was found, in which was deposited all that was mortal the eminent capitalist.

At the Mansion-house on Wednesday, unfortunate men given to the Lord Mayor, that there every probability of the arrest in N. York Lewis Augustus Bernard, and his brother Frederick, the merchants, formerly of excellent credit, who carried on small two or three months ago the extensive mercantile London and Paris houses of the name of Bernard. The second is said to have left New York before another, which followed it with disastrous consequences for their arrest; and measures will be adopted with their persons in on the look out for their arrival.—*London Paper.*

Italy.—A Paris paper of the 30th October remarks, "We learn by private intelligence from Naples that incendiary proclamations have been scattered by way of Foggia, in the province of Capitanata, inviting the people to rise, under the promise of a free Constitution. It is reported that these proclamations are signed by an illustrious personage; the leaders of the conspiracy take advantage of the absence of the decree people; it is certain the personage has not authorised this scandalous use of his name. All these infernal attempts have failed. The people remained quiet. There is still great talk about the attack on the Bank of Naples. The loss falls principally on the first houses. Several clerks have been arrested, who were connected with the thieves and were to have divided the rich spoils of this great establishment.

Saturday Evening Post.

DECEMBER 8th, 1832.

To Correspondents.

A Communication on "The Rearing of Swine," is too long for insertion. It would be obliged to the author, if he could condense it, as it contains practical and valuable information.

"The Christmas Season," contains a lively account of the coming festivities of that merry time —but is too carelessly written for publication.

"A Tale of the West," is laid aside for consideration.

"The Two Great Writers," will meet attention.

We must again remark that it is necessary for our Correspondents to forward their names, with communications. No attention is paid to anonymous letters.

We have a number of original manuscript tales in the compositors hands. They will appear in regular succession.

We gave an account of the fire in Washington, in our paper of last week's publication. As many of our friends in the country were supplied from the first edition, we subjoin the annexed particulars from the New York Advertiser.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 15th, 1836.

This morning at four o'clock, a fire broke out in the city post office, and from the nature of the materials used in the construction of the entire building, and the general combustible edifice by the patent office, the whole was reduced to ashes in three hours. I have just returned from the scene, which was truly a painful one, both from the value of the property destroyed, and from the sudden absence of every thing like a fire department, for the extinguishment of the flames. The building was very large, about one hundred feet in front and fifty or sixty deep, and occupied the corner of F. very wide street, in one of the most elevated positions of the city.

The entire buildings and out offices were occupied by the general post office department, while the city post office and the patent office were in the upper stories of the former in the second story. The fire commenced in the city post office, and from the post office department it reached the spot. The northern and southern wings which came in last night, it is said, are entirely destroyed; indeed scarcely any thing was saved in the city post office except a few articles of furniture in the post office, including the collection of models, with all the valuable papers of that department, were consumed.

The general post office department has been most fortunate, and it is to Mr. Kendall to say, that he was so promptly on the spot, and with his clerks, that the greater part of the books rescued a very large proportion of the valuable books and papers, though very many even of these were destroyed, so rapid was the conflagration.

Pittsburgh.—A writer in the Pittsburgh Gazette, dated the 5th instant, says, "Since I last wrote you, the number of deaths by cholera amounts to 1,200 days and carts, which are employed in carrying the dead to the burning of the city,—there are 350 there, four, and five story brick stores and warehouses, and the number of deaths have been 1,200. That the population of Pittsburgh, and the towns immediately adjacent, is about 30,000 souls—that the manufacturers and mechanical products, sales and commissions on sales, amount to the annual sum of Seventy Millions of dollars—that there are fourteen lines of canal transportation companies, and three daily lines for passengers, that there are a regular Steamboat freight and passenger lines connected with that place, and from the 1st January to the 1st of last of January, there were 1830 arrivals and departures of steamboats.

Dalmonrallo Apprentice.—A young man named George Duncan called yesterday at the office and demanded to have his indentures with his master cancelled, they had to be sent for by the Magistrate directed him to bring proof of the fact that he was ill used by his master. This he soon produced. Accordingly to-day he brought a certificate from the Rev'd Mr. Powers which Mr. Powers certified his statement, although he was given in his indentures he had three months to serve. Justice Hopkins recommended in severe terms the conduct of both father and son in this affair, and observed that he considered it had been thus wronged out of three months service of his apprentice, but as the master could have no further control over him, as he was of age, he was about cancelling the indentures, when Justice Hopkins asked though he was content to punish him for his breach of faith, by requiring him to forfeit one cent that he or individual that Mr. Powers referred to in the certificate, and committed him until such time as he should pay the penalty. Whether the young man will find it much less trouble to serve the three months, than endeavor to hunt up a witness we saw him christened 21 years ago.—*N. Y. Express.*

Insolvency.—Register, &c.—A legal question of no small importance is to be decided for the present by the Supreme Court, and probably by the Court of Errors. The question will come up, on a writ of error, from the case of Bowen, plaintiff against Wm. P. Hallet, Esq. clerk of the Supreme Court, at the suit of John Manning and Philip N. Hoffman. These gentlemen purchased, at a sheriff's sale, real estate, having first obtained from the clerk of the Supreme Court a certificate that but two judgments existed as liens upon the property. Nevertheless there was another, upon which execution was levied, subsequent to their purchase, and the property taken against the clerk for the damages sustained by their purchase, and the jury found a verdict was, that he had used ordinary care and diligence in making the search—that the omission to enter the third judgment was purely accidental—and that he therefore was not liable. We should suppose there could be no doubt of his liability, for if there is, we cannot see what is the use of docketing judgments at all.—*N. Y. Commercial*

The Natchez Christian Herald of December 2d, says

On Monday morning there was a disgraceful revolting spectacle of butchery exhibited in the street of Natchez before a crowd. In this city, the actors in which were three young men from the North. A quarrel had originated in the street before from a dispute on the trifling question whether paper bullets were used in a rifle without powder. The parties were sober.

The adverse parties armed on Monday morning at the corner of Main and Pearl streets, in the presence of a crowd. The first fire proved fatal to the unfortunate victim of the duel. He fell directly upon this nail, which entered his brain through the left temple, and literally laid the coronal suture." The nail entered the skull two inches and a half, and the head of the nail was in close contact with the board, and on being over the nail was found a segment of the skull, with the substance of the brain in the little girl observing the melancholy situation of the gentleman, ran to his assistance, but all her efforts were unavailing. A young man soon coming to the child's relief, was the first to give information to the third friend was purely accidental—and that he therefore was not liable. We should suppose there could be no doubt of his liability, for if there is, we cannot see what is the use of docketing judgments at all.—*N. Y. Commercial*

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REPORT OF THE SECRETARY OF WAR

Under the present organization, it appears the whole regular force of the United States, comprising officers, non-commissioned officers, musicians, artificers and privates, amounts to only 7,595. And the present actual force according to the last return, is 6,362; but deducting the deductions for sickness, casualties, and other circumstances, the whole available force to fit for service in the field was reduced to 4,292. This is a pitiful force to garrison the fortifications of one of the United States containing near 15,000,000 inhabitants, with a frontier to protect larger in proportion to its population than that of any government in the world. Of the new regiment of dragoons, authorized by the act of Congress at the last session, only 350 recruits have been enlisted, on account of terms of difference between the force allowed by law, and the actual force agreeable to the service. About 2000 men of this force are now serving in Florida, of which however on account of sickness and 1000 are fit for duty. For want of succour returns the Secretary is not able to compute the number of volunteers now in the field, but supposes there is about 1000 in Florida, besides 150 in Arkansas. The whole number of the whole number of volunteers that have been mustered into the United States service at different periods since the commencement of hostilities with the Indians, has amounted to 34,500. Of these however, a large proportion were only mustered and discharged.

The Secretary recommends in the strongest terms an increase, and new organization of the army. Great difficulties have been experienced, the recruitment of the army, from the very much time and money wasted, for the want of a uniform system of recruiting, from the small increase of the number, as well as that of expenses is regard to the pay of officers.

The operations in the War Department, have been on an extensive, and important scale the past year, that the report is necessarily of great length.

Report of the Secretary of the Navy.—The Globe contains the report of Mr. Secretary Dickerson on the condition and operations of the Navy within the past year. It is a full and very interesting document. In accordance with the appropriations made at the last session of Congress for increasing the number of vessels in commission, there has been much activity in the construction of new vessels, and repairs of several of our navy yards. Two of three frigates, and several sloops of war have been built and launched and are nearly ready for sea. The public will be pleased to learn that the hull of the large ship Pennsylvania has been resumed with a view to her completion, and the Secretary thinks she will be ready for service early in the early part of next summer. The steam frigate building in New York are so far completed as to be ready for the reception of her engines, and will be ready for service early next summer. The vessels in commission, have not been increased to the extent that was recommended at the last session of Congress, merely from the impossibility to obtain seamen to man them. The recruiting service during the past quarter terms, a law providing for the enlistment of boys, which in a few years will remove this difficulty in increasing our navy. Much dirt has been made, to fit out the exploring expedition to the South seas, authorized, at the last session of Congress, but the greatest difficulty is the want of seamen. The officers and men engaged in it have been built for the express purpose, and are now ready for service. The vessels are of about 300 men of the 500 wanted have been engaged, and the remainder will be obtained in a few days.

POLICE OFFICE.

A Hack of Game.—A little before day-light this morning, a hack was seen to pass and repass along the five posts, when he by accident met with a young woman named Negro named Ann Maria, whose name has been carried several dead geese. Bowyer immediately entertained an argument with Ann Thomas, that they had come honestly by the birds he carried, and when Ann Maria refused to go with him, he would not let rather surly for so dull a morning. "Yes, rather early, indeed," said Ann Maria, "for you and Bowyer." "Oh, berry cheap, berry cheap indeed, Massa: dese be de cleanest birds you ever see." Bowyer was then let off this moment How'yer spied another negro coming along loaded with a bundle, and as he was also closely followed by one of the city watchmen. The man immediately entertained some suspicion, prompted by the sight of Bowyer—"Yes dare say, for I think you stole dem birds." The watchman secured one of the two dark gentlemen thence conducted them to the office, in front of which was assembled all the heads of Bowyer and the watchmen, as the latter had secured the former, and the latter the feathered tribe had flown from one of Coolman's patent coops. The watchman declared that the gentlemen negroes to run. The watchman pursued one whom he could not overtake, and Bowyer, on the other hand, whom he ran first into a grog store, thence over the counter into the yard, and from the yard into a back another house, which he entered, and for a short time resisted the efforts of the watch, but was apparently fast asleep. Bowyer took hold of his leg-irons, and was then let off. Police Office.—Bowyer was committed for trial; it having been proved that he had stolen the property from his companion had broken open the box of geese belonging to Mr. Robson, of Coolman street, and had taken from them twenty-nine of the value of six shillings each.—*N. Y. Transcript.*

Drowned.—On Thursday, 24th ult. two lads, sons of the sons of Isaac Hoxie, aged 17, and Benjamin Hoxie, about 14, started from Castine in a small boat, to go to Nautilus Island, and in crossing over the harbor, as they did not return that night, the employer of Richardson felt uneasy, as he afterwards acknowledged, and he borrowed a sail without his knowledge. Early next morning he went to the mill, but the boat not be had anticipated, that they had not been there. Search was immediately made by Mr. Hoxie, and the one was also found—a short distance from the shore, bottom upwards—the sail and the oar was also found—a short distance from the boat. The body of Richardson was found on the shore, but the unfortunate boy, Benjamin Hoxie, has not been found.—*N. Y. Transcript.*

Insolvency.—Register, &c.—A legal question of no small importance is to be decided for the present by the Supreme Court, and probably by the Court of Errors. The question will come up, on a writ of error, from the case of Bowen, plaintiff against Wm. P. Hallet, Esq. clerk of the Supreme Court, at the suit of John Manning and Philip N. Hoffman. These gentlemen purchased, at a sheriff's sale, real estate, having first obtained from the clerk of the Supreme Court a certificate that but two judgments existed as liens upon the property. Nevertheless there was another, upon which execution was levied, subsequent to their purchase, and the property taken against the clerk for the damages sustained by their purchase, and the jury found a verdict was, that he had used ordinary care and diligence in making the search—that the omission to enter the third judgment was purely accidental—and that he therefore was not liable. We should suppose there could be no doubt of his liability, for if there is, we cannot see what is the use of docketing judgments at all.—*N. Y. Commercial*

Singular Case.—A boy, three and a half years old, at Sartoris, Ind. Terr. was shot dead from a fence about five feet high. His head struck upon a pile of old boards, in one of which was a nail, which went into his head behind the left ear, and through the brain. The nail entered the coronal suture." The nail entered the skull two inches and a half, and the head of the nail was in close contact with the board, and on being over the nail was found a segment of the skull, with the substance of the brain in the little girl observing the melancholy situation of the gentleman, ran to his assistance, but all her efforts were unavailing. A young man soon coming to the child's relief, was the first to give information to the third friend was purely accidental—and that he therefore was not liable. We should suppose there could be no doubt of his liability, for if there is, we cannot see what is the use of docketing judgments at all.—*N. Y. Commercial*

New Orleans, November 26, 1836.

There can be no doubt about the scarcity of money, which is felt not only here, but throughout the country, and is producing distress, and in some pressure in many places, and with some of which the prosperity of New Orleans is very closely connected. There is a great difficulty in checking commercial operations, all classes being engaged in the trade, and every one is an exporter of the produce arriving from the interior of the country, in consequence of the high prices, and the consumers of it, in our own and the neighbouring states, take their sparing supplies from the merchants, as they are under other circumstances. Merchants, and persons of every pursuit and trade, are in the habit of receiving orders, or of sending in themselves, for the purchase of articles of every variety, are compelled to use the utmost circumspection, and avoid buying every article that is not of the first necessity, for very serious drawback, however, to business operations, and the unwillingness to use money in market, and we every day see manifestations of increasing activity. The demand for goods is not by any means so general as could be desired, but most articles that are in season meet with a ready sale. There has been a fall of rain almost during the week, but out-door affairs have not met with any obstruction. The thermometer is 74 feet below high water-mark, having been a small rise since our last.

Lexington, Ky. Dec. 6.—Lamentable Homicide.—Mr. Harris Buford, formerly of Versailles, that Francis Buford, Esq. member elect of the House of Representatives of Kentucky, from Woodford county, was killed in Versailles, by a stab in the breast with a dirk, inflicted in a contest with one ——— Smith, of the same county. Mr. Buford survived but a minute or two after receiving the stab: Smith was wounded in the fight. Mr. Buford was a highly respectable citizen, and has left a numerous family to be deeply deplored by a numerous circle of acquaintances friends and connexions.—*Intel.*

From the National Intelligencer.

We have been furnished with the following letter from A. Pagot, Esq. Charge d'Affaires of his Majesty the King of the French, to John Williams, the Oculist:

Washington, Dec. 15, 1836.

Sir: I have, this instant, received your letter, bearing this day's date, by which you request me to say whether the written testimonials of genuineness of the signatures affixed to them, the different diplomas which have been granted to you by the sovereign of France during the year 1814.

After a close examination of those diplomas, I feel at liberty to say that they bear names perfectly known to me, and which I consider to be fully authentic, and would have no hesitation in giving you an official attestation of my belief of the genuineness of those documents, if I had the authority of certifying legally the signature of the functionaries whose names are of the Minister of Foreign Affairs.

I have equally examined the medical diplomas given to you in Paris, and in the principal cities of France, and am also satisfied of their authenticity.

I take the same view of the numerous letters written to you by several eminent personages whom I know, and who have testified to the services you have rendered to the illustrious of France, which services entitle you to the just reputation you enjoy in Europe.

In the hope that this letter may answer your purpose, I remain, sir, with distinguished consideration, your

A. PAGEOT.

To John Williams, Esq.

Honorary Oculist of his Majesty the King of the French.

Another Shower of Bank Bills.—A gentleman was walking yesterday in Broad street, and seeing something which appeared like strips of bank looking in the air, he looked up, and found, to his astonishment, found it to be a bank bill. Whilst he was being amazed at the sight of this description, which quite filled the air, he found that he was not the only one who was amazed, which immediately despatched its runners to catch the game as it might fall, or to gather up the droppings. A short time after found that some of the officers of the Bank had been engaged in throwing out the notes in the hope of assurance of their destruction doubly sure, they had the consolation of seeing a number of bills expedite the process. But the alcohol burned, and several of the notes in the chimney-corner compelled the Bank into a larger "circulation" than it had designed. The bill caught by the gentleman was found to be a five dollar bill, good, and was of course returned to the Bank. Whether any thing more others so slightly injured.—*Boston Atlas.*

Singular Phenomenon.—A furious hurricane took place on the 28th of November in Rockingham County, North Carolina. It unroofed houses, blew down the fences, and carried off the fodder in several places near Reidsville. Interfordson, besides leveling forests to the ground, and blocking up the roads with their huge trunks. Its length was ten miles and its breadth about half a mile. Among other freaks it took up a chicken house and filled the air with a flock of fowls, turkeys and ducks. About five miles from Reidsville, a quantity of gold has been traced at least three miles, and a large number of persons are operating upon a part of it, with every prospect of realizing a large profit for their investment. Others have counterfeited this vein at one end, and pursued it for the whole three miles, with as much exactness as the first mentioned. They could not always trace it, through its various windings literally sweeping every thing before it.—*N. Y. Times.*

Loss of the Ship Ferrula, of Baltimore.—By the arrival at New York of the ship Matlaskee, from Canton, the disastrous intelligence is received of the loss of the ship Ferrula, of Baltimore, on her passage from Mocha to Baltimore. The ship reports that "on Friday, Dec. 9, 1836, at lat. 14 47, she fell in with the ship Ferrula, of Baltimore, from Mocha for Baltimore, in a sinking condition, and took from her the captain, mates, and crew, and 3 boys, and 1 dog, viz. the Ferrula, in a gale on the 8th, at 4 P. M. was struck by a tremendous sea, which store in the cabin and forecastle, stove the boats, and so much caused her to leak so badly that the pumps were of no avail, and became entirely unmanageable necessary to abandon her. The F. had a valuable cargo of coffee, gum, hides, gum, pearl and sheep skins.

This is a heavy loss to the underwriters. The ship is insured nearly to the amount of her cargo at $54,500, of which $32,000 are in the offices in this city. The loss will not be easier, as Princeton Speculations are already on foot as to the time when the young territory of Ouisconsin, which has but a few months since been organized, will number of this great confederacy: and the Buffalo Advertiser, in alluding to the rapid settlements of that region, and the consequent rise in the value of property, says that it would not be surprised if such an event were to take place in 1838. The census will then have been procured, and, if it should turn out to be the case, that the territory has a population sufficient to entitle it to be admitted into the Union, nothing daunted, procured a light, and after having reached the garret of the house referred to, found John Bowyer in bed, and to all appearance apparently fast asleep. Bowyer took hold of his leg-irons, and was then let off. Police Office.—Bowyer was committed for trial; it having been proved that he had stolen the property from his companion had broken open the box of geese belonging to Mr. Robson, of Coolman street, and had taken from them twenty-nine of the value of six shillings each.—*N. Y. Transcript.*

Drowned.—On Thursday, 24th ult. two lads, sons of the sons of Isaac Hoxie, aged 17, and Benjamin Hoxie, about 14, started from Castine in a small boat, to go to Nautilus Island, and in crossing over the harbor, as they did not return that night, the employer of Richardson felt uneasy, as he afterwards acknowledged, and he borrowed a sail without his knowledge. Early next morning he went to the mill, but the boat not be had anticipated, that they had not been there. Search was immediately made by Mr. Hoxie, and the one was also found—a short distance from the shore, bottom upwards—the sail and the oar was also found—a short distance from the boat. The body of Richardson was found on the shore, but the unfortunate boy, Benjamin Hoxie, has not been found.—*N. Y. Transcript.*

A Singular Case.—A boy, three and a half years old, at Sartoris, Ind. Terr. was shot dead from a fence about five feet high. His head struck upon a pile of old boards, in one of which was a nail, which went into his head behind the left ear, and through the brain. The nail entered the coronal suture." The nail entered the skull two inches and a half, and the head of the nail was in close contact with the board, and on being over the nail was found a segment of the skull, with the substance of the brain in the little girl observing the melancholy situation of the gentleman, ran to his assistance, but all her efforts were unavailing. A young man soon coming to the child's relief, was the first to give information to the third friend was purely accidental—and that he therefore was not liable. We should suppose there could be no doubt of his liability, for if there is, we cannot see what is the use of docketing judgments at all.—*N. Y. Commercial*

The Natchez Christian Herald of December 2d, says

On Monday morning there was a disgraceful revolting spectacle of butchery exhibited in the street of Natchez before a crowd. In this city, the actors in which were three young men from the North. A quarrel had originated in the street before from a dispute on the trifling question whether paper bullets were used in a rifle without powder. The parties were sober.

The adverse parties armed on Monday morning at the corner of Main and Pearl streets, in the presence of a crowd. The first fire proved fatal to the unfortunate victim of the duel. He fell directly upon this nail, which entered his brain through the left temple, and literally laid the coronal suture." The nail entered the skull two inches and a half, and the head of the nail was in close contact with the board, and on being over the nail was found a segment of the skull, with the substance of the brain in the little girl observing the melancholy situation of the gentleman, ran to his assistance, but all her efforts were unavailing. A young man soon coming to the child's relief, was the first to give information to the third friend was purely accidental—and that he therefore was not liable. We should suppose there could be no doubt of his liability, for if there is, we cannot see what is the use of docketing judgments at all.—*N. Y. Commercial*

EPITOME OF THE TIMES.

Schuylkill Navigation.—We understand that the Managers of the Schuylkill Navigation have determined to close the Canal, on the 20th ult. During the present season, a greatly increased business has been done upon this important work.

A western editor calls on the corpse editorial fraternity to come and see a "dwelling" in his orthography, undefiled: whereupon the N. Y. Star advises him to begin at home.

Domestic Manufacture.—The Lowell Courier states that at one establishment in that city, 1,600,000 yards of sheeting are annually manufactured during the last six months.

The Governor of Kentucky, recommends to the Legislature, to expend their share of the Surplus Revenue in the instruction of the Cincinnati Deaf and Dumb Asylum. Bully for Governor Ohio, advises that the share of Ohio be expended in Public Schools.

Beautiful Sentiment.—The following noble sentiment occurs in a letter from Mr. Buddie to John Q. Adams:

"*I go for the country, but loud when word go for Cuba; and I will afford an active, more profitable to assist in repairing its sewerage than to increase those who infect them !!*"

Heavy Losses.—The Marine Insurance Companies lost $62,000, as declared on Saturday, was the loss by the Merchants' nearly $400,000.

Extraordinary Invention.—It is proposed in a paper read before the Academy of Sciences of Paris, to construct balloons of thinly hammered sheets of copper, and be filled with gas, and to be thus pumped into the air, by the application of steam power attached to the boat below. They would then move more swiftly than carrier pigeons.

Jail Breaking.—Three individuals confined in the jail at Leesburg, Loudon, (Va.) effected their escape on Wednesday night last. It was done by digging a hole through the wall, and letting themselves from the wall by the means of blankets tied together. Among the prisoners who escaped was Waynesburg, charged with forging free papers for slaves.

The Second Class Post Office sloop of war Concord, Com. Dallas, and the schr. Grampus, Lieut. Com. Lockwood, sailed from the Navy Yard on the 22d of November, from Matanzas. The Concord sailed again for Pensacola on the 30th, and the Grampus for the Carolina sloop of war as at Key West early in December.

Suicide.—John Doig, a Frenchman, and by trade a dentist, was sentenced to three years imprisonment in the state-prison, by the Municipal Court of Boston, on Saturday the 17th inst. and soon after killed himself, by cutting his throat. This was committed in the cell where he was stealing: a pocket book from a fellow-prisoner on the same room on board Portland.

Lyman Baldwin has been traced to Pittsburgh, whither he rode express, relays of horses having been on the road to that place. He has gone to Texas, where he will find many of his acquaintances in the army.

Washing Capitol.—The chartered banking capital in the United States, since September, 1834, has increased from $160,000,000 to over 300 millions. Since September, 1834, the circulation has increased in England and Wales, in specie, nearly doubled, or has been increased from £18,451,000 to £30,000,000.

Sunday.—A young man named William H. Spencer, was arrested at Lovejoy's hotel, charged with the murder of Mr. Ferguson, of Mr. Ferguson, in Broad-street, on Wednesday night. He was a respectably dressed young man, and was employed at the Italian Opera, making his bead quarters at New Orleans. This was the first intimation we have had of the death of Mahlman may have induced them to change their plans.—*Atlas.*

Mad Dog.—A mad dog made a bite on Mr. Van Buren's majority over all other candidates, will be 54, one forty-two years of his life.

The second appearance of Forrest in Spartacus, (says the London Courier, of October 20th,) was hailed with a burst of Indiana enthusiasm which marked his first appearance. He was to make his third appearance in *Othello*, one of his best parts.

The Bangor Post says, there have no money in circulation in Maine, for a long time, and more of it than any other place in the country.

Rice Flour according to the Wilmington, N. C. Advertiser, is now manufactured in that State as a substitute for Wheat Flour.

The Lexington Intelligencer, on Friday night, which formerly was pretty well attended, was not honoured with the presence of a single individual. Such is the effect of Banking.

Banking Capital.—The chartered banking capital in the United States, since September, 1834, has increased from 160 millions to over 300 millions. Since September, 1834, the circulation has increased in England and Wales, in specie, nearly doubled, or has been increased from £18,451,000 to £30,000,000.

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SAUNDERS'S NATIONAL GAZETTE, AND
EVENING POST.
PHILADELPHIA,
Saturday, December 24, 1836.

Mr. Bell will act as agent for the S. E. Post and Casket, at Charleston, S.C. in place of Robt. L. Baker, resigned.

We have again to request that the subscribers will turn to their accounts at the beginning of the new year, and see if there is not something due the printer.

An immense amount is due, and ought long since to have been paid. We shall be compelled against our inclination, to discontinue the papers of many who are long in arrears—and hope they will then take the hint and make satisfaction.

If any of our subscribers, who have paid agents, find their papers discontinued unexpectedly, they will attribute it to the right source, the neglect of the agents in transmitting the funds.

In general, it is supposed, each one knows about the amount due. It is hoped that each and every one will pay up.

Mr. J. J. H. of Hamburg, S. C. is informed that the Saturday Evening Post, is forwarded punctually to his address every week. The fault of his not receiving the paper is in the Post-office department.

We are much pleased to hear that Dr. A. H. M'Nair, of this city, has it in contemplation to publish a work on the causes and effects of ebriety. We doubt not but the work will be looked for with impatience.

GOVERNOR'S MESSAGE.

As far as we have had opportunities of examination, the message of Governor Ritner appears to be well calculated to give universal satisfaction, setting aside all party considerations. In general length, and the amount of matter and topics included in it, must for the present, prevent our giving any adequate review of its contents. Under these circumstances, we have concluded, to let the reader form his own opinion on the greatest part of the multifarious subjects of which it treats, and content ourselves with a few observations on such matters as more immediately call for our notice, so as to compress another number of our paper within the limits of the dollars throughout the state—a measure strongly recommended by the chief magistrate.

In advocating this measure, Governor Ritner assumes as a groundwork, the principle that every one possesses a right to a sound currency, and that this is the duty of the federal government to secure. We think that, the consequence to be drawn from this premise, does not necessarily follow. If the federal government is bound to secure a sound currency, it is the duty of the state governments to secure it to their citizens. The federal government has the power to regulate the currency, but the state governments have the power to make it what it ought to be. The federal government can only regulate the currency by the constitutional power of regulating commerce between the states, and with foreign nations. The state governments have the power to regulate the currency by the power of granting charters to banks, and of regulating the issues of paper money. The federal government has the power to regulate the currency by the power of granting charters to banks, and of regulating the issues of paper money. The federal government has the power to regulate the currency by the power of granting charters to banks, and of regulating the issues of paper money.

PERIODICAL LITERATURE.

The publication of periodicals, and the newspapers in such numbers and quantities as they are issued in this country, is a subject of considerable importance, and one which has the effect from it, in some of its bearings as a father and a real must be strikingly felt. There is no doubt that the increase of periodical literature, and the consequent withdrawal of the attention of the reader, from the more substantial productions of our revolutionary era, are some of the causes of that which is now so generally complained of, the want of originality in our literature. The difficulty of obtaining many of the standard works of our country, is almost a reproach to us as a people. The argument, that these small articles cannot be increased, to a large amount, does not hold against the assertion, that the quantity is regulated by legislative enactments.

THEATRICALS.

Owing to the great length of the Governor's Message, we were obliged to exclude our theatrical notices. We now resume them, commencing with the Chestnut Street Theatre.

The *dénouement* have departed! The music of Auber's beautiful opera, vibrates on our memory alone, and it is now only a theme for fond admiration, at the fine proportion of Celeste's ankle! But it is to apply for "pleasures fled"—and we shall endeavour to ascertain the committee of the Senate, of five members, was appointed to-day, on motion of Mr. Coggins, to enquire into the amount of loss by the burning of the Patent Office, and what legislation may be necessary on that subject.

COMMUNICATION.

I have been on a visit to Mr. Root's room to see the Roll of the Columbia Home Company. I find it very handsomely got up. I feel proper to express my very great pleasure at the exertion, beauty, and taste that I see in the performance. In examining the cabinet work there is something in the exhibition which is worth more than a silver medal. Mr. Otis's design of Firemen rescuing a family from the flames, and carrying off the mother of the house, is a picture of safety, &c. is very well conceived. The latter group I should have felt exhausted, and in the variety.

The Ravel Family have been amusing the public, much to their profit, of course. They are suitable in pantomime, and their slack rope performances are unequalled. To say the truth, however, we are almost tired of this display of bodily agility—and the theatre-going public begin to pine after the legitimate drama, and Ellen Tree.

Walnut Street.—Mr. Denvill, a London tragedian, took a benefit last Monday evening—We are not among the admirers of the gentleman, and may be said to be in a strange humour, but we could not behold the merits of Mr. Denvill's performance with any degree of satisfaction. His delivery is declamatory and vehement, and we dislike the unnatural and sudden sinking of the voice in the commencement of many of his sentences. We are not aware what positions his held on the London stage, but think, his ability to sustain the higher parts in tragedy, has been greatly overrated.

The Jerome Horse was repeated to a crowded house on Tuesday evening, for the *fortieth time*, and the novelty of the popularity and great attraction of this spectacle.

We must not omit to pay a passing compliment to the performance of Mr. Jamieson, on the same occasion, (on Monday evening,) they elicited high encomiums from the audience, and their performance of the "Lake of Como," would not be done to discredit to a professional concert.

Mr. Conner is improving rapidly. Having displayed extravagance of gesture—his chief error—at first, ere long to see him at the sure a sit of his profession.

The new piece alluded to in our last number, will be out this week. We have not space to recommend our readers to go and see it.

GREAT WESTERN TRADE.

A rare chance picked he lead into one of our merchant's stores and says: "hallow mister look de you sell your quarter dollar bears oil"—one of the clerks answered, "forty-four cents." "Well, then," says Peter, "our Nance wants three lips worth, and says she'll pay you in shins next time she comes to town with cheesuts."

A SPORTSMAN'S RELATION OF HIS COON HUNT.

Dog and I, and two more niggers and nother dog went out raccoon hunin, catch'd two more sentatives in Congress, to use their exertions to procure the passage of a law, *giving* the Surplus Revenue to the States, instead of *loaning* it. Quere—how could the States be *compelled* to pay back that money without a resort to civil war? God grant that this remedy may never be tried, though without it, there is no efficient one for the General Government. The danger of making deposites with the several States, is considerable.

On Thursday, a bill reported by Mr. Baker, in his place, (a phrase by the by, meaning without its undergoing the consideration of a committee,) to incorporate the Country Company at Laurel Hill, passed a third reading without opposition, or amendment; as did also the bill providing for the receipt of the Surplus Revenue, belonging to this State.

In the House, the bill to restore the *benefits* of the general election law to the city and county of Philadelphia, was reported; also a supplement to the charter of the Philadelphia, Wilmington, and Baltimore Rail Road Company.

The resolution appointing committees to visit, according to custom, the two Penitentiaries of this State, were reconsidered and lost on Friday, in the great discomfiture of the fortunate gentlemen, selected by the Speaker, to officiate in such elevated capacity—to wit, the drinking of the wine of your hospitable citizens. Mr. Johnson endeavored in a short moment to interpose upon the committee to visit the Eastern Penitentiary, the duty of examining the will of Stephen Girard, but he objected to the support of virtuous principles where she might have been successful, instead of describing scenes of open and undisguised vice, and the bill was ordered to a third reading.

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SYNOPSIS OF CONGRESSIONAL PROCEEDINGS.

EXECUTIVE ADMINISTRATION.

In the House of Representatives, Dec. 13.

Mr. Wise rose and offered the following resolution:

Resolved, That so much of the President's message as relates to the condition of the various Executive Departments, the ability and integrity with which they have been conducted, the vigilant and faithful discharge of the public business in all of them, and the causes of complaint from any quarter, at the manner in which they have been conducted, be referred to a select committee, to consist of nine members, with power to send for persons and papers, and with instructions to inquire into the condition of the various Executive Departments, the ability and integrity with which they have been conducted, into the manner in which the public business has been discharged in all of them, and into all causes of complaint, from any quarter, at the manner in which said Departments, or other business, or offices, or any of the officers or agents, of every description whatever, directly or indirectly connected with them in any quarter, officially or unofficially, in the premises, and to report the interest, have been filled, or failed to accomplish, the objects of their creation, or have violated their duties, or have injured the public service and interest. And that said committee have power to send for and examine such persons of time as to them may seem expedient and proper.

Mr. Wise then addressed the House in a most eloquent speech giving the history, character and course of conduct pursued by General Jackson, and the administration to the present time. We regret that we have not room to insert it.

The resolution was adopted without further debate, 96 to 86.

Dec. 14.—Mr. Buchanan presented a memorial from the umbrella manufacturers of Philadelphia, praying that an explanatory law might be passed to prevent the fraudulent and mischievous struction of the Tariff law by the collector of Philadelphia, by which an article necessary to their business, was charged at 30 per cent. referred to the Committee on Finance.

In Senate, Dec. 15.—Mr. Buchanan presented the petition of a number of merchants, and other citizens of Philadelphia, asking an appropriation for the purchase of a site, and for the erection of a Custom-house. Referred to the Committee on Finance.

Also, the memorial of a number of judges and lawyers of Philadelphia, praying the appointment attending the sitting of the Circuit Court of the U. States, and asking an appropriation for the erection of a court-house. Referred to the Committee on the Judiciary.

Mr. Buggles moved the following—

Ordered, That a committee of five be appointed to examine and report the state of the Patent Office; sustained by the burning of the Patent Office; and to consider what further legislation ought to be adopted to repair the loss, and to extend to those such evidences of property as patentees unvenitous as the destruction of the records and drawings may have rendered necessary for its protection, or repair the injury sustained.

In the House, Dec. 19.—On motion of Mr. Stanbery, That the select committee appointed to enquire into the expediency of making an appropriation for the construction of a Custom-House and Post-Office, agreeably to the estimate furnished by the engineer under whose superintendence and direction the work is constructed.

By Mr. Walker.—*Resolved*, That the Committee on Commerce be instructed to enquire into the expediency of creating Vicksburg and Grand Gulf, in the State of Mississippi, ports of entry and of placing on the same footing all the ports of entry of the United States.

By Mr. Bell.—*Resolved*, That the memorial of the Legislature of the State of Mississippi in favor of the establishment of a military road from Columbus, Mississippi, was referred to the Committee on Military Affairs.

Mr. Morris, on leave, introduced a bill to prohibit the sales of the public lands, except for actual settlers, and in limited quantities. Read, and referred to a select committee.

It would exceed our limits to publish a quarter of the resolutions offered in Congress. Under these circumstances, we can only occasionally notice, we shall make a selection of such subjects as may be found to be of much we deem of the most interest to our readers.

House of Representatives, Dec. 19th, 1836.

Mr. Richardson presented the petition of the merchants and citizens of Philadelphia, praying for an appropriation for a new Custom House, as well as another from the Board of Members of the Bar of Philadelphia, praying for a new Court House, and stating the want of room in the Post Office, by delicately suggesting that all three buildings might be erected on the same site. As there is plenty of surplus money, and as New Orleans is assailing Congress for a Custom House and a Court House, none can be denied Burton. I think *maigre* the defeated of Philadelphia, that she will be able to show cause why she should have a special appropriation of the 300, 000 dollars for these buildings. Mr. Coggins, committee of the Senate, of five members, was appointed to-day, on motion of Mr. Buggles, to enquire into the amount of loss by the burning of the Patent Office, and what legislation may be necessary on that subject.

FROM CHILI.

By the ship Brutus, Captain Adams, from Buenos Ayres, the editors of the Commercial Intelligencer have received a file of the *Mercantil* to the 12th of October. We learn from these papers that the advance guard of Santa Cruz on Chili has been completely put down, by the capture of the brig of war Arigeguano, and the schooner Eliza, of which the insurgents had possession. Reinforcements at the port of San Carlos, had also been sent to the assistance of the ship Montenegrido, which, after her capture off Valparaiso, was manned by Peruvians and sent to watch in search of her former consort. Don Joaquin Prieto, Don Diego Williams, and other leaders in the insurrection, were taken we said the Orbigoso.

The Chilian government has decreed a donation of 500 dollars, and a pension of £300, and a medal of gold, to the crew of the brig of war Arigeguano and Rosa, who got up the mutiny on board the Peruvian brig of war Socabaya, and took her to Valparaiso, as we stated a few days since; and a donation of £1000 to the officers who joined them in the revolt.

Don Joaquin Prieto has been re-elected president of the Chilian republic.

The Gaceta of the 4th October contains a decree from Gen. Pedro Salaverry, commander in the province of Tarapaca, announcing the defeat by the forces under his command, on the 24th of last month, of the Chilian troops, under the command of Colonel Sanchez, had been ordered to proceed to Lima, and to march against the insurgents, whether they will be able to effect any thing as the force sent is small.

The U. S. Storeship Relief, Lieut. Thos. A. Dornin, Commander of the South Sea Exploring Expedition, arrived at Norfolk on Friday, in the rapid passage of 13 hours from the Delaware.

The brig Daniel H. Miller, at New Orleans from Tampico, had 150,000 dollars in specie on board.

The steamboat Fort Adams was sunk on the ninth inst. eight miles above Bayou Sara—cargo lost.

Fell as the 10th inst. the subscriptions to the New Orleans Ocean Navigation Company amounted to $357,800.

From the New Orleans Bee, of Dec. 12.

The expedition against Texas appears to have commenced its march, and was proceeding from Matamoras, whence it was to take its course towards the seat of war.

The Texians are said to be much sickness at Tampico.

Capt. Powell from Tampico reports that an affray took place at Tampico between some of the crew of the United States sloop of War Vincennes, and some fishermen, the crew of the sloop of war were imprisoned, and the government refused to give them up to the Alcalde, the sloop was obliged to put to sea without her crew.

Capt. D. has brought despatches for the government of the United States.

From Florida.—A slip from the office of the Jacksonville Courier, dated Dec. 17th announces the arrival of Gen. Jesup at Volusia, on or about the 15th inst. He brought with him 600 men, and 1000 at Tamoa Bay. He did not encounter the Seminoles, as was hoped, on his march, but captured an Indian negro, who was under sentence of death, he had the wishes to a strong hold of the Creek during the Creek war. He is a slave, whom they found and seized 41 negroes—supposed to be the same that were carried away by the Indians, in the spring, from the plantation of Spring Garden. Gen. Jesup took them to Volusia, whence they were sent to Fernlina, except four, who detained as guides.

The Courier's health was still very infirm, and it was reported that he would soon resign his governorship. Being superseded by Gen. Call, who is now the governor.

The number of Indians killed since Governor Call took command, is computed at from 200 to 300.

The Tennessee volunteers have made known to Governor Call their purpose to return home as soon as their term is out—the 16th of this month. He has written to urge the retrieval of Gov. Call from the chief command.

Gen. Eustis, we suppose is at or near to the head of the peace-party among the Seminoles, and these are said to have declared that they will fight no more.

We learn from the St. Joseph Times of Nov. 19th, that as for want of provisions, the army at Tampa Bay could not march, with Gen. Jesup; that the steamer Pensacola Gazette of the 29th that on the 23d the steamboat Merchant sailed from the harbor of Tampa Bay, having on board the number of horses required.

Mexico and Texas.—Letters from Mexico, dated Nov. 26th, state that within a fortnight previous to that date, 6000 infantry and cavalry, well equipped, marched from that capital for Texas. Santa Anna was appointed to the command. A strong maritime force was also in preparation.

From Texas army, 1500 strong, was still encamped near the La Baca and Goliad encamped rivers. Parties of cavalry were busily employed driving in all the cattle, through the country over which the Mexicans must approach.

The Texian Congress has authorized the president to negociate a loan of five millions, at 10 per cent. redeemable in 20 years, on the basis of the public lands—200 millions of acres.

The New Orleans Bulletin of the 10th instant, alleges, "from high authority," that the Texians are in want of provisions.

Mexico and Texas will be blockaded by the United States vessels, but not from the United States—in other words, the slave trade under the American flag. And, moreover, that the Texian navy at the Brazos is to be instructed to ask of our government, that the United States may be allowed to purchase slaves at the port of San Carlos.

They were taken, we suppose, on board the ship Montenegrido, which, after her capture off Valparaiso, was manned by Peruvians and sent to watch in search of her former consort. Don Joaquin Prieto, Don Diego Williams, and other leaders in the insurrection, were taken we said the Orbigoso.

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Don Joaquin Prieto has been re-elected president of the Chilian republic.

The Gaceta of the 4th October contains a decree from Gen. Pedro Salaverry, commander in the province of Tarapaca, announcing the defeat by the forces under his command, on the 24th of last month, of the Chilian troops, under the command of Colonel Sanchez, had been ordered to proceed to Lima, and to march against the insurgents, whether they will be able to effect any thing as the force sent is small.

The U. S. Storeship Relief, Lieut. Thos. A. Dornin, Commander of the South Sea Exploring Expedition, arrived at Norfolk on Friday, in the rapid passage of 13 hours from the Delaware.

The brig Daniel H. Miller, at New Orleans from Tampico, had 150,000 dollars in specie on board.

The steamboat Fort Adams was sunk on the ninth inst. eight miles above Bayou Sara—cargo lost.

Fell as the 10th inst. the subscriptions to the New Orleans Ocean Navigation Company amounted to $357,800.

From the New Orleans Bee, of Dec. 12.

The expedition against Texas appears to have commenced its march, and was proceeding from Matamoras, whence it was to take its course towards the seat of war.

The Texians are said to be much sickness at Tampico.

Capt. Powell from Tampico reports that an affray took place at Tampico between some of the crew of the United States sloop of War Vincennes, and some fishermen, the crew of the sloop of war were imprisoned, and the government refused to give them up to the Alcalde, the sloop was obliged to put to sea without her crew.

Capt. D. has brought despatches for the government of the United States.

From Florida.—A slip from the office of the Jacksonville Courier, dated Dec. 17th announces the arrival of Gen. Jesup at Volusia, on or about the 15th inst. He brought with him 600 men, and 1000 at Tamoa Bay. He did not encounter the Seminoles, as was hoped, on his march, but captured an Indian negro, who was under sentence of death, he had the wishes to a strong hold of the Creek during the Creek war. He is a slave, whom they found and seized 41 negroes—supposed to be the same that were carried away by the Indians, in the spring, from the plantation of Spring Garden. Gen. Jesup took them to Volusia, whence they were sent to Fernlina, except four, who detained as guides.

The Courier's health was still very infirm, and it was reported that he would soon resign his governorship. Being superseded by Gen. Call, who is now at the head of the government.

The number of Indians killed since Governor Call took command, is computed at from 200 to 300.

The Tennessee volunteers have made known to Governor Call their purpose to return home as soon as their term is out—the 16th of this month. He has written to urge the retrieval of Gov. Call from the chief command.

Gen. Eustis, we suppose is at or near to the head of the peace-party among the Seminoles, and these are said to have declared that they will fight no more.

We learn from the St. Joseph Times of Nov. 19th, that as for want of provisions, the army at Tampa Bay could not march, with Gen. Jesup; that the steamer the

THE OLIO

Variety's the spice of Life,
That gives it all its flavour.

MISS POLLY DOLLY ADELINE.

Miss Polly Dolly Adeline,
Amelia Agnes Low
Was none of nature's Journeymen's
Unchisell'd work, I trow.
Her forehead was as smooth as glass,
Her mouth was a-straight line,
And her eyes stood out as visibly
As letters on a sign.

The "Venus of the Capitol"
Was taller than Miss Low;
But then Miss Low's diameter
Made up for it, you know:
And though she was the "mould of form,"
And wore unrivall'd shoes,
Her waist was not invisible,
And her feet were "made to use."

'Twas said, Miss Polly Dolly Low
Was waiting to disdain
The Last sweet monosyllable
Of her romantic name;
And every Sunday evening,
She combed her golden hair,
And at the window pensively,
Sat "Sighing in the air."

And Cupid, little rogue! was kind,
That is so often cruel,
And to Miss Polly Dolly's flame
He sent a stick of fuel;
A tall and handsome man was he,
The reigning village beau,
That made his bow one evening
To Polly Dolly Low.

He took a chair and sidled up,
And said, "I guess as how
You think, Miss Polly Adeline,
I've come to court you now."
"I know'd it," said the overcome
Miss Polly, "long ago;"
And on his neck she flung herself—
Affectionate Miss Low.

And then up got, quite out of breath,
Young Ebenezer Stout,
And spoke again—"I guess as how
You didn't hear me out,
I thank you kindly for your kiss,
But I am not your beau;
'*Twas brother Jack that wanted you!*
Miss Polly Dolly Low."

A Scotchman giving evidence at the bar of the House of Lords, in the affair of Captain Porteus, and telling of the variety of shots which were fired upon that unhappy occasion, was asked by the Duke of Newcastle, what kind of shot it was? 'Why,' said the man in his broad dialect, 'sic as they shoot fools [fowls] wi', an' the like.' 'What kind of fools?' asked the duke, smiling at the word. 'Why, my lord, dukes [ducks] an' sic kind o' fools.'

DIALOGUE.—*Sambo.* Don't you wish Cuffee, dat all de people in de world dead but you and me?

Cuffee. Yes, Sambo, 'deed I do.

Sambo. What you follow den, Cuffee.

Cuffee. Why, Sambo, I set up a great tavern and I get all de custom to myself.

Sambo. Well, I buy a ship, and go a trading no one to rival me. When my ship be coming into port, all de people come crowding on de shore, huzzaing for captain Sambo.

Cuffee. Den all de crew come to drink wid me, and say, nebber see sic a cleber landlord as Cuffee.

A gentleman had board put on a part of his land, on which was written, "I will give this field to any one who is really contented;" and, when an applicant came, he said, "*Are you contented?*" The general reply was, "I am."—"Then," rejoined the gentleman, "what do you want of my field?"

"Counsellor Green, during his cross-examination of a prevaricating *old female* witness, by which it was essential to *prove* that a *tender* of money had been made, had a scrap of paper thrown him by the opposite counsel on which was written—

"Garrow submit,—that tough old jade
Can never prove a *tender made!*"

The following curious wager was laid at a coffee-house, between two gentlemen; one of them betted the other two sovereigns to one, that out of the first 25 females who should pass over the crossing at the obelisk in Fleet street with pattens, on a day to be agreed on, four-fifths of them would have pattens in their hands instead of on their feet. The wager was decided on Wednesday, when after a careful inspection of one hour and twenty-five minutes, which elapsed before the whole number had passed, it appeared that twenty-two out of twenty-five actually carried these useful articles in their hands.—*London Paper.*

TWOPENNY ROPE.—' And pray Sam what is the twopenny rope?' inquired Mr. Pickwick.—' The twopenny rope! sir,' replied Mr. Weller, ' it is just a cheap lodgin house vere the beds is twopence a night.' 'What do you call a bed a rope for?' said Mr. Pickwick. 'Bless your innocence, sir, that an't it,' replied Sam. ' Ven the lady and gen'lm'n as keeps the hot-el first begun business, they used to make the beds on the floor; but this would'nt do at no price, ' cos, instead of taking a modern twopenn'orth o' sleep the lodgers used to lie there half the day. So now they has two ropes, 'bout six foot apart, and three from the floor, which goes right down the room; and the beds are made of slips of coarse sacking stretched across 'em.' 'Well,' said Mr. Pickwick. 'Well,' said Mr. Weller, ' the adwantage o' the plan's hobvious. At six o'clock every mornin' they lets go the ropes at one end, and down falls all the lodgers. 'Consequence is, that being thoroughly waked, they get up very quietly, and walk away!'—[*Posthumous Papers of the Pickwick Club.*

The Rev. Mr. N——, of New Haven, was appointed to preach before the association. Some circumstances prevented his attendance. He therefore thought it expedient to write an apology. While he was thus engaged, a messenger informed him that his bull had grown very surly. Mr. N. immediately wrote a few lines to the man who had his bull in pasturing, and by accident directed this letter to the association. It was opened by the moderator, when to his utter astonishment, he read as follows—" You may tie up the old bull for the present, and when I can attend to it, I will come and take care of him." The reverend members were totally non-plussed; but at length an idea was started and adopted as explanatory; it was this—that by the old bull they must understand the devil, whom they were to secure till Mr. N. could come and take care of him.—*N. O. Obs.*

LIFE OF AN EDITOR.

The following paragraph is taken from an English paper, and presents a just view of the difficulties which attend the life of an editor of a newspaper—who is obliged to cater for an almost infinite variety of appetites. It reminds one of the hapless flying fish in the tropics, who is eagerly chased while in his native element, by voracious bonitas and dolphins, and when he makes use of his wings to escape from these persevering enemies, and rises into the air, a host of the feathered tribe are waiting with impatience to pounce upon and devour him:

"An editor cannot step without treading on somebody's toes. If he expresses his opinion fearlessly and frankly, he is arrogant and presumptuous; if he merely states facts without comment, he dares not avow his sentiments. If he conscientiously refuses to advocate the claims of an individual to office, he is accused of personal hostility. A Jackanapes who measures off words into verse as a clerk does tape by the yard, hands him a parcel of stuff that jingles like a handful of rusty nails and a gimlet, and if the editor is not fool enough to print the nonsense—'Stop my paper, I won't patronise a man that is no better judge of poetry!'—One murmurs because his paper is too literary; another because it is not literary enough, one would have the type so small that a microscope would be indispensable in every family; another threatens to discontinue his paper unless the letters are half an inch long. In fact, every subscriber has a plan of his own for conducting a journal, and the labour of Sisyphus was recreation, when compared with all that of an editor who undertakes to please all."

A Black Aristocrat.—There is a negro named George Washington Jefferson (immortal names) residing in a most magnificent villa near Brighton, England. His income from investment in the national funds alone, is over 10,000*l.* (50,000 dollars) per annum. Besides this, he has 20,000*l.* in the Bank of England stock, and is also a partner in an extensive country Bank. Jefferson took a conspicuous part in the Haytien revolution of 1791, and went to England in 1804, when Jaques I. Emperor of Hayti ascended the throne. He was then a great stickler for democracy, and hence assumed the name he goes by. It is supposed he had considerable property when he came to London.—*English Paper.*

From a Baltimore Paper of 1828.

A SUIT AT LAW.—[AN OLD STORY.]

Chronicles of the Court House.—It was in the days of Judge Dorsey—I think in 18—, the docket will shew—that I first got acquainted with that mad-cap, Frank Taylor. He was a merry, broken-down gentleman, who wore a black silk handkerchief round his neck—and had a smattering of law which sometimes made him very eloquent. One day Frank, in his usual way, fell to abusing the Courts, and the Judges, and the Legislature, and the whole pack of them in such a style that I was quite shocked to hear him. The more I rebuked him the more he railed, and at last he offered me a bet of the value of a coat, that he would take that which I wore, from my back, *by the help of the law*, and that I should never have anything to do with it again as long as I lived. Well I did'nt suspect matters were so bad as all that, neither—in fact, I did'nt think much about it, or I never should have made the bet,—but I took him up, and we parted. The next day Frank goes to old Mr. Gibson, and gets out a replevin for my coat, and comes along with the Sheriff, and takes it off my back, and immediately put it on his own, and looked a good deal better for the change. I went to Mr. Gibson's office, to inquire how this was; and there I find myself very decently docketed on a list of suits for March Term, 1818. Frank Taylor vs. Simon Sobersides, No. 1700—and there was a bond given by Frank and one Mr. Tom Straw, to restore me my coat if Frank could not show a title to it upon a trial in the Court House. I asked Mr. Gibson when this matter was likely to be settled,—for I did'nt like the looks of it—and he told me, very politely, that it would be for trial in March, 1819. Frank was always a desperate hard fellow on a coat—and I began to run over in my mind what a pretty looking concern this coat of mine would be in March, 1819. However, I waited patiently for the time, and as soon as the court was opened, there was I, in person, and Mr. Gwynn, my attorney, to make a dash for my coat. There were *only* eighteen hundred cases on the docket to be tried that term, and mine had been promoted to No. 1500. Well, after attending till June, with Mr. Benson, the Tailor who made it as a witness, I found by that time they had tried two hundred and fifty cases, when Judge Dorsey and the lawyers had to go off to the Court of Appeals; so the Court was obliged to be adjourned, and I had to pay my witness somewhere between thirty or forty dollars—Mr. Gibson can tell—and I was very politely told by Mr. Gibson that I must come again next September. So, in September, I came again with my old friend Benson. My case was now on a more respectable footing; it had grown older, and stood No. 1200 on the docket. The Court kept very busily at work all that fall, and at the end of the month of January, they adjourned at the request of Mr. Gibson, who told them that the intervening time between that and March was indispensably necessary to him to make up his dockets for the next term. This time they got through three hundred cases, and Mr. Gibson again *very politely* told me to pay my witnesses and call again in March. In March, 1820, it was just the same thing, only that Taylor vs. Sobersides stood at No. 750. Well, I began to think this no joke. God knows what had become of my coat—it was now better than two years since I had made my rash bet. However, my pride was roused, and would not allow me to *give it up*; so I pushed Mr. Gwynn again with another fee to let him see I was not daunted. Two hundred cases more were got rid of *that term*, and, to make the story short, it was in March, 1822, that my case was called, when Mr. Thomas Kell, the attorney for Frank, stated that his unfortunate client had, a short time before that, died suddenly of an apoplexy, which Mr. Kell called, I think, *suggesting a death.* And I suppose Frank was buried in my coat. So I had to wait until the next term for a new party to be made. Mr. Kell stated, moreover, that poor Frank had left no effects behind him, and died utterly insolvent and good for nothing, which was a very hard case. I was afraid to say any thing about the bet, lest Mr. Kell should seize upon it as assets in my hands. As Frank's estate was therefore a matter of moonshine, that very worthy old servant of the Court, Mr. Michael Hedinger, was put in Frank's shoes as his administrator, on the docket, and with great courtesy, in September, 1822, confessed judgment in my favour, Mr. Kell not being aware of any right that Frank had to property. After this I asked what I was to do, and my friend Gwynn told me that the coat was made into brown paper by this time, and that my only course was to sue Tom Straw. Well, sir, said I, Mr. Gwynn, any thing you please, in for a penny in for a pound. So I paid off all expenses of my replevin suit, which I had *gained*—I think the amount, taking it altogether, was about 60 or 70 dollars, and I prepared myself for the pleasure of getting into my new suit—at law. Accordingly, in March term, 1823, I started upon the world in the character of a plaintiff. Simon Sobersides vs. Thomas Straw. This case has advanced with great vigor, considering that it is a contested case in which Straw—whom I dont think much of—has put in a great many pleas—and has also brought a cross action against me for the amount of the bet, in the name of the administrator. These two cases stand like twins upon the docket, and we expect to have them tried at the same time. Mr. Gibson tells me now, that I may confidently calculate upon terminating the controversy about the coat sometime in the present year, provided there should be no appeal. If there should be, God help us! he says, he would not undertake to say for the next ten years. It has been an amazing fine suit, and has flourished under a great many judges. Under Dorsey, Bland, Ward, Hanson, and Archer, and has at last come into the times of Judge Kell, who, being well acquainted with the case before, has determined that it shall be finished this year in spite of the ——.

If any man doubts this history of my case, let him go and ask Mr. Gibson. SIM. SOBERSIDES.

KEAN'S FIRST APPEARANCE.

The following is the history of Kean's first appearance at Drury Lane Theatre, after repeated disappointments. It was the final triumph of genius over obstacles at which the stoutest heart might have quailed.

'After dinner Kean prepared for the awful evening. His stock of 'properties' was very scanty. He tied up his wig and collar, however, and an old pair of black silk stockings, in a pocket-handkerchief, thrust them into his great coat pocket (his coat with 'the great capes,') and trudged through the snow to Drury Lane.

'It was a cold and dismal evening; and when the curtain drew up, there were but few patrons in the theatre. And even those few, it is presumed were less disposed to be pleased than they would have been at a more genial season. For there is a predisposition for pleasure or otherwise on such occasions; and a portion of the praise or censure which is showered upon actors, owes its origin to the previous comfort or discomfort of the spectator. There were one or two sound critics in the house, however and these determined—not the quantity of applause, but the quality of reputation which should belong to the new performer. * * * 'When Kean first entered upon the stage that evening, the spectators saw that something decisive (good or bad) was about to happen. His quick, flashing, and his intelligent eye; and his quiet, resolute bearing, denoted a sure result. Caesar, or nothing. 'I could scarcely draw my breath,' said Dr. Drury to Kean on the following day, 'when you first came upon the stage. But directly you took your position, and leaned upon your cane, I saw that all was right.' Kean was received with the usual encouraging plaudits bestowed on a new actor; and he acknowledged them with a bow eminently graceful. This was so far in his favor. His audience now took notice of him, and saw a figure and countenance that Titian would have been pleased to paint. His thin, dark face, full of meaning, and taking at every turn, a sinister or vigilant expression was just adapted to the ascetic and revengeful Shylock. He spoke,—'Three thousand ducats—well!' and you were satisfied that there would be no failure. As he proceeded, the feeling of the audience went altogether with him. His reply to Basanio (who says, Be assured you may take his bond,) 'I *will* be assured I may,' obtained applause; and his fine retort on Antonio (which shames, or ought to cast shame on the Christian merchant,)

'Fair Sir, you spit on me on Wednesday last;
You spurned me such a day; another time
You called me—dog, and for these courtesies
I'll lend you thus much moneys—'

was received with acclamations. At one time it was feared that his voice would fail, and the manager hurried after him with a glass of negus, as a restorative, but it was an idle apprehension. He went on, still gaining ground till he arrived at the scene with Salarino, where those fierce and unanswerable interrogations on behalf of the Jew ('Hath not a Jew eyes,' &c.) are forced from him; when, knitting himself up, he gave them forth with terrible energy and drew down a thunder of applause. And in this way he went on, victorious to the end; gathering glory after glory, shout after shout, till the curtain fell.—Nothing like that acting; nothing like that applause, had, for many previous years, resounded within the walls of ancient or modern Drury. It was a new era.'—*Life of Kean.*

Religion.—Take away religion and you take away the foundation of much that is noble and exalted in man. He who possesses it, looks upon the world with an increase of admiration—he feels himself glowing with a renovated love to his fellow creature—and at once acknowledges the invisible and all-pervading power of the Eternal.—Religion throws a brilliancy upon the morning of life; it embellishes the gay and fanciful dreams of childhood; it falls like a refreshing dew upon the hearts of the young and innocent, softening the feelings and affections, without their knowing whence it proceeds.

INFANT SCHOOL INSTRUCTION.

Mr. Wilderspin, the celebrated founder of the Infant School System, has lately given a course of lectures on the subject in Liverpool. He gave an amusing account of his first attempt to introduce his favorite notions, which we will abridge for the entertainment of our readers. When he first entertained the idea of his system, a friend offered him £200 to put it in practice. He commenced operations in London in a bad neighborhood. He had a book which contained columns for the name of the infant, another for its age, and a third for the name and residence of its parents. He took care to have a desk in due pedagogue style. He quickly had a room full of mothers, sisters, and aunts, and 170 children. He told their protectors to leave their children, and return for them at 12 o'clock. The mothers begged him not to allow the children to leave the school until they came for them, as they would be unable to find their way home: this he promised, and he locked the school room door. He had taken care to provide himself with plenty of black and blue A B C's. In a few minutes one little fellow sounded a single note, Mammy! and the lecturer was astonished to find the imitative faculty so strong, for it became the universal cry. Mr. Wilderspin's wife was with him, and they fagged away with their A B C; but the noise was so much that they could not be heard. As fast as one was down the other was up. Mrs. W's head became so deranged by the confusion that she could stay no longer, and some of the children resorting to the use of their heels when approached, both Mr. and Mrs. W. retired from the school, locking the door after them. He pondered on his folly, and would have dismissed the children at once had he not promised their parents to detain them till twelve, and so would have ended his plan of infant tuition. In the meanwhile, what was to be done; the children were alarming the whole neighborhood with their cries. In this emergency he took a long pole and entered the school-room. One half of the children were silent in wonder when the pole was introduced, and when his wife's cap was mounted at the top, the whole were silent, and, by degrees, he caused them to burst into laughter. He put away the A B C tables, and said to the children, "We will have a game at ducks; when I hop, then you must follow after me round the room." By degrees all began to hop. This, thought the lecturer, would do, it was obedience of one kind. He then said to the children, "Now, you go to one side of the room and I will go to the other, and when I give the signal you will come to me." In this manner, the time passed on, and he was not aware that 12 o'clock had arrived, until the mothers knocked at the door for their children. So expectant were they of the proceedings of their children in that limited space of time, that Mr. Wilderspin heard one woman say to her son, "Well, Tommy, what book have you been reading in?" "We have not been reading in a book, mother," replied the urchin, "but playing at ducks, and we have had such fun." "I sent you here to read," exclaimed the astonished mother, "not to play at ducks." "Well, Eliza," said another dame, "what have you been doing?" "Playing at ducks, mother." "Oh, what a rum school," was the reply. A consultation was then held amongst the women, which terminated in their enquiring why the children were playing at ducks instead of learning their lessons. "Don't you know," replied Mr. Wilderspin, "that when your children came here this morning they were strangers to me, strangers to each other, and the premises were strange to them, and they were afraid you would not perform your promise of returning at 12 o'clock. I wished to make them happy." Some of the females said, "We can send them to Misses So and So, where, for 4d. a-week, they will learn something." Some of the children were accordingly removed. Success, however, attended the exertions of Mr. Wilderspin, when parents saw their children make progress. To his astonishment he could, at the end of the week, get all the children to rise and sit down when he pleased at the sound of the whistle. The next difficulty was, how to get over the sounds of the letters, and the difference of the sounds between the consonants and vowels. He thought upon music, and accordingly set the alphabet, the consonants and the vowels to a tune. For those who had a dull ear, he adopted other methods, such as holding up brass letters. It was by holding up these brass letters that he stumbled upon the idea of teaching them geometry. He asked one boy how he knew the letter H: the boy replied, because it was made of two upright lines and one across. He taught them arithmetic by means of a square frame, across which were stretched 12 steel wires, each wire containing 12 small balls alternately coloured black and white. At the present time Mr. Wilderspin has a school of 500 children of from 3 to 5 years of age, and their quarterly examinations are witnessed by visiters with perfect astonishment.

From the U. S. Military and Naval Magazine.

NAVAL LIFE.

Early in the spring of the year 18—, our frigate sailed for the West Indies. The morning on which we weighed was a clear and cold one, with a fresh, keen wind, N. W. The shrill pipes of the boatswain, or his mates, with the hoarse call of "all hands up anchor," rang through our decks the moment the day began to break, and one of the midshipmen of the watch, accompanied by a ship's corporal, bearing a lanthern, entered the steerage, loudly announcing to the young gentlemen that by order of the first Lieutenant, they must all appear on deck in five minutes.

We were now fairly in blue water, and the struggle of parting from wives, sweethearts, and friends, being over, the duty of the ship was taken with renewed zeal; and in a short time, through the indefatigable exertions of our able first Lieutenant, a perfect system of discipline was established.

I need not tell the initiated how severe the task is of disciplining a new ships' company of four or five hundred men, who are all to be watched, quartered, stationed, and exercised, and as soon as possible too, in order that the ship may be prepared for any contingency, either of the battle or the breeze, that may arise; and to the landsmen such details would hardly be interesting.

Our ship had been equipped in warm weather, and had standing rigging, which stretched very much as we drew into warm latitudes, in consequence of which we were near losing our masts in a violent gale of wind which we experienced. We only preserved them by performing the difficult operation of "setting up," or tightning the shrouds in the midst of a gale.

A difficulty of moment occurred with the crew, which it may not be amiss to relate.

A part of the daily rations of provisions allowed in men-of-war is rum, and commanders can exercise a discretion as to the mode of issuing it. In some ships it is issued raw, and the cooks of the different messes (generally eight or ten each) draw at the grog-tub the allowance for that number of men, which is carried to the berths and drank there. This arrangement, as may be supposed, is always most acceptable to the men, but frequently leads to intoxication, it is generally considered objectionable. It existed in our ship at first, but certain cases of drunkenness which occurred, having been traced to a traffic in that article, which to poor Jack is almost priceless, the Captain ordered that in future the rum should always be mixed with an equal quantity of water, and that every man should answer to his name, and drink his allowance at the tub in the presence of the mate of the spirit-room. This order was received with much discontent. On the following day the grog was hoisted up, mixed, the line stretched to prevent the men from crowding too much around the tub, the mate in attendance, the purser's steward ready with his mess-book, the drum rolled to grog, but, alas! this sound, which was wont to diffuse the utmost cheerfulness through the ship on this day had no such influence; but, on the contrary, was received with sullenness and murmurs.

The mate sat in silent expectation on the shot-box; the purser's steward stood idle with mess-book in hand; and master "Jack in the dust"—alias purser's steward's assistant—had filled the half-pint measures with the precious fluid, and stood ready to fill many more, but no one came to empty them. In short, it was evident that a combination existed, and that poor Jack, to use a homely simile, had resolved "to bite off his nose to spite his face." A report was made to the captain, who ordered that the grog should stand twenty minutes, and if not issued in that time it should be capsized into the scuppers. This was accordingly done, for not a soul claimed his allowance. Afternoon grog time came. The same preliminaries were performed, and the same melancholy result ensued. So on, day after day, and it was understood that the word had been passed among the men, that even the life of him who should draw his grog would be in danger.—While this state of things continued, the scene which was enacted upon the gun-deck every day at grog-time was truly amusing. It was always hoisted up and mixed as ready described, diffusing its grateful odour through the ship, the drum gave roll, the mate consulted his watch to mark the twenty minutes, while the sailors stood aloof eyeing the preparations in utter silence, but with the most lugubrious countenances imaginable. Many a fresh quid was taken, and many an old one turned, by way of silencing certain unutterable longings which none but an old man-of-war's-man can well conceive. When the twenty minutes were elapsed and the tub was about to be capsised, the scene became too distressing for them to contemplate, and the deck was always abandoned. Matters had been in this posture for eight or ten days, when an old veteran marine, who had been many years in service, crossed the line after the call had been given, and approached the tub. As he did so there was a general movement in the same direction from all parts of the deck. The old fellow presented himself for his grog, remarking at the same time, loud enough to be heard by all around, that hard threats had been used in relation to the matter, and that he really believed that he was incurring some risk of taking his grog, but that he was an old man, and, at any rate, he had not very long to live, and had concluded that while he did live he had better take his grog when he could get it. He suited the action to the word, emptying the measure which master "Jack in the dust" handed him, at a draught.

It is impossible to describe the intense interest with which this was regarded by the rest of the ship's company. As the marine turned from the tub, the line was, in an instant, leaped by at least twenty, and for a few minutes the mate could hardly restore order.

The steward then commenced the muster, and the contents of the grog took their legitimate course in an incredibly short space of time. The most perfect good humour was at once restored, and no more grog was cast overboard that cruise.

From Jesse Angler's Rambler.

MATRIMONIAL ADVENTURE.

"Pebbles," said the curate to me (for we had now become intimate, and dropped the mister,) "why do you not marry?" The idea rushed upon my mind with all the force of its natural brilliancy of conception. "My dear friend," said I, "I'll set about it immediately." * * * * It at last struck me that I ought to go forthwith to the metropolis, that great matrimonial mart, where a man with money may get any thing from fashionable heartlessness down to unsophisticated suburban gothicism. I lost no time in performing this intention, and soon found myself in Long's Hotel, Bond street. For six months my efforts to find a wife were unremitting, but they were wholly ineffectual. At last I determined to advertise for one in the public newspapers, and I had the satisfaction of seeing the next day the following announcement of my wishes in "The Times" and "Morning Post."

MATRIMONY!!

"A gentleman of independent fortune, good manners, singleness of heart, is desirous of uniting himself with a female of strictly moral and unblemished character. Fortune is not an object. As the advertiser is not handsome, nor even good looking, he does not require absolute beauty to lighten up the roseate cheeks of her who may hereafter become his wife. He wishes however, to state, that regular features, a good figure, and winning manners, will be no detraction to the eye of the advertiser. References will be given and expected. The advertiser will walk between the hours of seven and eight on Thursday next, through the front colonade of the Opera House, dressed in a white hat, blue coat, white waistcoat, and nankin trowsers,—and any lady desirous of gratifying his wishes, may address him by the name of Philander."

Having thus explained my views, I waited with anxiety for the appointed day, the events of which would in all probability decide my future fate. The morning of the eventful Thursday at length dawned, and I shall never forget the old mixture of fear, impatience, and bashfulness, which agitated my breast. Evening at length cast her lengthened shadow over the dusky city, and having arranged myself in a white hat, blue coat, white waistcoat, and nankin fantail trousers, I walked firmly to the appointed spot. No sooner however had I reached it, when some wags who had read the advertisement, received me with shouts of laughter, and having thus amused themselves at my expense, they left me, and I then began to look about me. My consternation was however great, on seeing at least four ladies advancing from different quarters upon me. All I could do was to stand still, and select from the matrimonial quartette who were approaching. First came a thin little woman, who squeaked in an attempted softness of tone, "Philander," and passed a little way. Then came a female, standing at least six feet without her shoes, who growled in my affrighted ear—"Philander." After her waddled a fat asthmatic lady, who pantingly exclaimed, "Phi-Philander." Fain would I have said with Macbeth—

"I'll see no more,"

but, lo! a fourth—certainly the best appearing of the four, who whispered in a sweet voice, though I thought rather affected, "Philander." The wondrous four had now stopped in dead silence before me looking daggers at each other. Apprehending fearful consequences from their mutual jealousy,—I broke the silence by saying in a determined though respected voice, 'Ladies, I am Philander'—'Then, sir,' said the squeaker, 'I'll take your arm, if you please, and we can enter into these topics which the presence of strangers'—here she was interrupted by the growler. 'Give me your arm, sir,'—'No, no,' said the asthmatic fair one. 'I've as much right,'—'Nay, ladies,' answered the sweet voiced lady, 'let no contention arise among the votaries of Hymen. Let this gentleman make his own choice, you will no doubt hear from him again.' 'Sensible fair one,' said I (delighted to find a means of escape) 'my choice has already fallen upon you.' 'Come, that won't do,' said the squeaker. 'Perjured villain,' said the growler, 'I an't coming all the way from Pimlico for nothing,' said asthma. Wretch! villain! beast! every opprobrious epithet was showered upon me. In vain I raised my voice in appeal to their sense of justice; in vain the object of my choice escaped to quell the rising fury of the rejected three. A mob collected, and I was on the point of having my clothes torn off my back, when a policeman kindly knocked me down. An alphabet of the same class soon made their appearance and I, with the fair ones, was hurried off to the station house, amidst all sorts of remarks. I submitted to all the indignities that were thrust upon me, as I was sure that by explaining the circumstances to the inspector of police I should be released. But what was my indignation and astonishment on hearing the rejected females swear in the most unequivocal terms, that I had made a violent and unprovoked assault upon them, and that the female who now hung upon my arm, had aided and abetted in the violence. The policeman confirmed their statement, and as I had no witness to confute the charge, I was locked up in the station house, with the fair partner of my misfortune, till the sitting magistrate should examine the case the next day.

The Poor Gentleman who reads the Paper.

Some twenty or twenty-five, or it may be thirty years ago, the landlord of the Bush tavern in Bristol, (England) was so far a benevolent man, that on every Christmas day he used to set an immense table, at which whoever would was at liberty to sit and replenish his inner man with as much roast beef and plumb pudding as he could dispose of—a privilege of which, it may well be supposed, the poor of that ancient and by no means elegant city, were not backward to avail themselves. But the dinner alone, flanked as it was by an *ad libitum* distribution of stout ale and cider could not appease the generous propensities of mine host of the Bush. He was in the habit, also, of giving away a score of guineas upon the same anniversary, which were bestowed, in small sums of from five shillings to twenty, upon such of the free guests as appeared to stand most in need of something more than a dinner.

It had been observed for some weeks, towards the close of a particular year, which I do not remember, that an elderly personage, whom nobody knew, was in the habit of stepping into the Bush every day, taking a single glass of brandy and water, with which he contrived to daily so long as was requisite for the thorough perusal of a London paper, brought down by the guard of one of the night coaches. A London paper was a great thing, at that time, in Bristol. The gentleman was elderly, as I have said, and moreover, his person and garb, as well as habits, gave token of poverty.—He was thin, and apparently feeble; his coat was seedy, his hat rusty, his nether habiliments threadbare, and otherwise betokening long and arduous service; and his expenditure never exceeded the sixpence required to pay for the one glass of brandy and water. Nobody seemed to know him; and after a few of his daily calls, he came to be recognized by the waiters and landlord, with that happy adaptation of names for which English landlords and waiters are remarkable, as "the poor gentleman that reads the newspapers."

If any doubts existed as to his poverty they were dispelled when Christmas day arrived, and the poor gentleman was seen taking his place at the long table, and demolished an ample allowance of the beef and pudding for which there was nothing to pay. "Poor fellow!" soliloquized the landlord of the Bush; "I'm sure he can't afford that sixpence every day, for his brandy and water; I must make it up for him again." His measures were accordingly taken;—John, the waiter, had his instructions; and when the poor gentleman handed his plate for another slice of the pudding, a guinea was slipped into his hand, with the whispered, "Master's compliments, sir, and says this will do to lay in some winter flannels for the children." The poor gentleman looked at the coin, and then at the waiter; then deposited the first in the right hand pocket of his small clothes, and then drew forth a card which he handed to John, quietly remarking "My thanks and compliments to your master, and tell him if he ever happens to come my way, I hope he'll call upon me." This was the inscription upon the card "*Thomas Coutts*, 57 Strand, London."

The "poor gentleman" was at Bristol, superintending the erection of some thirty or forty houses, he was building on speculation. What afterwards passed between him and the landlord of the Bush, is not recorded; but this much is known, that the said landlord soon after engaged very largely in the coaching business; that his drafts on Coutts & Co. the great bankers, were always duly honored; that he was very successful, and became one of the rich men in Bristol. And it is further said, that the identical Christmas guinea is still in the possession of the "poor gentleman's" widow, her Grace the Duchess of St. Albans.—*Knickerbocker.*

SUPERSTITION OF THE HORSE-SHOE.

The horse-shoe was of old held to be of special service as a security against the attacks of evil spirits. This virtue may have been assigned, perhaps, by the rule of contrarieties, from its being a thing incompatible with the cloven foot of the evil one; or from the rude resemblance which the horse-shoe bears to the rays of glory which, in ancient pictures, are made to surround the heads of saints and angels; or, finally, from some notion of its purity acquired in passing through the fire. This latter supposition receives some countenance from the method resorted to for the cure of horses that had become vicious, or afflicted by any distemper which village farriery did not understand; such diseases were invariably attributed to witchcraft, and the mode of cure seems to imply the belief that the imperfect purification by fire of the shoes which the animal wore, had afforded an inlet to malevolent influences. Accordingly, the horse was led into the smithy; the door was closed and barred: the shoes were taken off, and placed in the fire, and the witch or warlock was speedily under the necessity of removing the spell under which the animal suffered.

We have a further proof that the efficacy of fire constituted a part of the virtues inherent in the horseshoe, in the manner of reclaiming bewitched milk. All who have the management of a dairy know that at certain seasons of the year butter will not "come" from cream, nor milk be converted into curd, with the same ease as at others. The modern reasoners on the causes of things, look upon this as being occasioned by the sort of food the cattle take; but all the farmers' wives of the last century knew perfectly well that it was the effect of nothing else but some envious person's evil eye; and they took measures accordingly.—On the return of the milk maids with their milking pails upon their heads, when the foremost took down her vessel in order to pass under the door-way, the mistress was ready to drop a horse-shoe heated red hot into the milk. It was necessary that the ceremony should be performed at the instant when the young woman was lowering the pail; and it was farther required that no one should be aware of the good dame's intention, the troop of milkmaids were often thrown into the utmost dismay by the sudden bubbling and hissing, and the screams of their companion more immediately concerned. The loss of the whole meal of milk was the usual consequence, to say nothing of the work created for the cooper; but these were matters of inferior importance, the future productiveness of the milk being an ample set off against lesser mischances—and that, it need scarcely be added, was invariably secured.

A horse-shoe was commonly nailed upon the doors of the cow houses; but this was not at all times a sufficient protection, as in summer the cows were not driven home at night, but milked in a field, and shut up in an opening. When people began to be ashamed of superstition, instead of nailing the horse-shoe on the outside, they fixed it to the inside of the doors both of dwelling houses and farm offices; and in that situation it may at this day be detected in many parts of the country. Thus the devil, though not openly defied, might come to burn his fingers if he were to attempt an entrance.

Sailors are, or were, for the most part, careful to have a horse-shoe nailed to the mizzen mast, or somewhere on deck near midships, for the protection of the vessel.

The Chinese have their tombs built in the shape of the horse-shoe, as we are informed by Capt. Hall, in his voyage to Loo Choo; which custom is very curious, as it may be fairly regarded as a branch of the superstition prevalent among ourselves.—*People's Magazine.*

Plumbago or Black Lead.—This substance, which is used for various purposes in the arts, but is most generally known as the material for the common pencil, is found in many parts of the world; but the principal, and only very valuable localities, are Barrowdale in England, and Sturbridge in Massachusetts. The mine at Barrowdale is private property, and only so much is taken from it annually, as will supply the market at certain rates, which amount to about £3000 a year. The quantity wanted is taken from the mine, which is then closed up until another year. The London price for pieces of the best quality, is 45s. per pound; the remainder is sold at 35s., but no addition can be made to the supply in market till another year. There are but seven or eight purchasers in the whole.

Pencils are of three kinds, the common, ever pointed, and what are called plummets. The latter are compounded of one third sulphuret of antimony, and two-thirds plumbago. In making the common pencil, the cedar is first sawn into suitable pieces of the requisite thickness—then grooved by a fly-wheel to receive the lead. The lead is cut into thin plates to suit the groove, and after being introduced is scratched on the sides with a sharp instrument, which causes it to break exactly at the groove. The top is then glued on, and the pencils are rounded.

In making the ever-pointed kind, the lead is first cut into plates, and then with a steel gage into square pieces. To round them, they are passed through three or four small holes, armed with perforated rubies, which last about four days. The hardest steel will not last for this purpose more than three hours.

In London six of these points cost about 50 cents; if cheaper than this, the purchaser may be assured they are adulterated. Genuine cedar pencils cost there 12 cents each. What in this country is frequently sold for black lead pencils, is nothing more than fuller's earth and vermicelli, mixed with a small proportion of plumbago. Such pencils can be sold as low as six or eight cents a dozen. Besides its use for pencils, plumbago is extensively used for manufacturing crucibles, as when properly prepared it resists the most intense heat—for mixing with grease to put on the axles of wagons, machinery, &c.—and it furnishes the best blacking for stoves of any substance yet discovered.—*Gen. Farmer.*

THE RURAL ECONOMIST.

Hessian Fly.—The fly itself is a small insect with long bluish wings and may be seen hovering about over a wheat field in a warm day in the fall after the wheat is up and has got into stooling—it then deposites its eggs from one to five or six on the lower leaf where it joins the stock. The eggs when first laid are about the size of the point of a pin and white; They grow until they become of the size and shape of a flax seed, when they change their color to a brown, and appear in shape and colour of a flax-seed.—While in the white state they appear to extract nourishment from the stock of wheat, from their wounding it, the eggs continue in the flax seed state in the stock at the junction of the lower leaf until the next spring, and every stock that has an egg in it turns to a dark green and perishes before the next spring. In the spring after the wheat begins to grow no eggs can be found in the live wheat, but on examining there will be found dead stools of wheat, and on taking these up you will find the egg at the root of the stool where it was deposited, appearing like a flax seed. When the weather becomes warm in the spring these eggs hatch and the little creature crawls up out of the ground and begins to lay eggs on the surviving wheat close to the stock on the lower leaf where the eggs remains going through its changes until fall, when it comes out a fly again and commences on the new sown wheat. The fly will lay its egg in Rye, but the rye stock grows strong and fast, and bursts open the husk leaf where the egg is laid and the egg falls out and perishes. It will lay its eggs in Oats and Timothy, but not to do much injury.—This fly is a very different insect from the fly that has lately made its appearance in New England and New York state, or the Maryland fly—in both those last cases the fly lays its egg in the grain while in a milk state, and the worms eat the milk and meal out of the grain, but in no case has the grain been eaten by the Hessian fly or found in it—but all these flies may depredate in the same field in their own way. What is the remedy? it cannot be in applying any thing to seed before sowing, as the fly lives on the root or near it, instead of the ear or grain.—Even good tillage has failed this last season as well as late sowing—Will not lime do it if properly applied, as a very small portion of lime is a quick and certain death to many insects? A pint of quick lime mixed with 100 bus. of wheat will destroy every weavel in it, and if blown from a fan into a barn it will destroy or drive them all out.

Lime is a certain and quick death to fleas, &c. and it is said that by sowing over the grain it will destroy the egg in the grain. Supposing a farmer when he found the fly was in his wheat depositing its eggs, should sow half a bushel of lime while warm after slacking upon an acre, in a still morning while the dew is on—the lime being light and fine will spread and settle down on the leaves of the wheat, and reach the egg while in the soft and white state and most likely destroy it. Where the stubble is full of the egg, by plowing deep in the fall or early in the spring, the egg will be buried so deep that it will perish. In the fall one or two frosts will destroy most of the fly, and late sowing has in some cases.

Application of Salt to Trees.—Several years since I had a large tree of the kind commonly called Balm of Gilead, properly the *populous candicans*, standing in my front yard, where it had been set as an ornamental tree before its re-productive powers were understood. Its roots extended a great distance, and every where threw out a multitude of suckers or shoots, which again taking root seemed in a fair way to convert the yard to a thicket, and bid defiance to extermination. I had witnessed the destructive effects of a few pails full of strong brine accidentally poured near the body of a tree of the same species, and I determined to make an experiment for the destruction of the tree that gave us so much annoyance. Accordingly I had the tree cut down about three feet above the ground, where it was fourteen inches in diameter, and with an axe scooped out the top of the stump into a hollow capable of holding a quart of water. This I filled with salt, and pouring water upon it, kept the bason replenished with brine of the strongest kind, and when the salt was dissolved and taken up I added another small quantity. It was in the fall that the tree was cut down, and so effectually did the salt penetrate to the remotest ramifications of the roots, that of the multitude of shoots, but two or three in the spring showed any signs of life, and these soon perished. I have since tried salt upon other trees that had become troublesome; particularly the common wild meadow plum, and the black English cherry, trees which sprout in abundance, and with the same effect. It is necessary that the whole surface of the stump should be covered with brine, that no part of the pores of the wood may escape, and therefore a gouge, or an axe where the size of the tree will admit, is preferable to perforations made in the top by an auger, as I have sometimes done. In this application of salt, another striking analogy between animal and vegetable physiology is shown, viz: that substances which used in small quantities are conductive to health and vigor, become a deadly poison used in quantity, or thrown into the immediate circulation.—*Genesee Farmer.* W. G.

Tobacco an Antidote to Arsenic.—In the September number of Silliman's excellent Journal, is a communication from Professor Emerson of Andover, giving two instances in which cases of poisoning by arsenic had been successfully treated by tobacco.

The first was that of Miss Eastman, now connected with the orphan asylum at Troy, who took a quantity by mistake. The painful symptoms that followed led to a discovery of the alarming fact, and to produce vomiting as soon as possible, the use of tobacco was recommended by those present. It was tried by smoking, chewing, and a strong decoction, but there was neither nausea or dizziness, nor did it operate at all either as an emetic or cathartic. The painful sensations at her stomach, however, subsided and she soon was well. The other case was one in which arsenic was given to a sick person by mistake. Tobacco was ordered, and though it had always been perfectly loathed, chewing and swallowing the saliva produced not the least sickness on the stomach. No other remedy was administered, and she recovered.

Should further experience show that a specific for this active poison has thus been discovered, it would furnish another instance of the wisdom of the Creator, in making things poisonous in themselves antidotes to those whose effect on life was more alarmingly fatal and rapid.

Pruning Trees.—We notice that some of our neighbours have already commenced pruning their fruit and shade trees. The operation had better be omitted until the month of May or even the fore part of June, as the wounds made by cutting off limbs at that season, will sooner be covered with new wood than those made by cutting during the winter. The pruning of fruit trees may be omitted until after they have passed the flower, and the fruit begins to show itself, the limbs to be cut away can be more judiciously selected with regard to the crop. Ornamental trees may be trimmed as soon as they begin to leaf out. In cutting off a limb, a small cut should always be made on the lower side first, then the limb may be sawed or cut on the upper side without the danger of splitting down when nearly off, which often happens when this precaution is not taken.

ATKINSON'S CASKET.

JUST PUBLISHED.

The DECEMBER Number of Atkinson's Casket, or Gems of Literature, Wit and Sentiment, with the following

EMBELLISHMENTS:

A beautiful Vignette Title Page for the Volume—A copper-plate engraving of "Death on the Pale Horse," from West's highly celebrated Painting—Benares, India—Venice. Music—'Where as Dewy Twilight Lingers.'

CONTENTS.

The Merchant's Clerk (concluded); Brook's Letters; Desultory Observations; Judgment; Death on the Pale Horse, eng; The Two Students; Benares, India, eng; Venice, eng; Mr. Midshipman Easy; The Last Herring; Wit and Sentiment.

POETRY.

Real Charms; Portrait d'Elise; Imprisonment for Debt; The Gospel; Our Home; Remedies; Stanzas; To my Mother's Memory; Funeral Hymn; Where as Dewy Twilight Lingers, set to Music.

☞ The terms of this popular publication are $2.50 per annum, payable in advance, or $3 if not paid within the current year. Twelve numbers make a volume, containing about 600 closely printed pages, to this a title page and index are added at the end of the year. Considering the quality of the engravings, and the large amount of reading matter in the Casket, it is perhaps the cheapest publication of the kind in the United States.

A few copies of the Casket for 1828, '29, '30, '31, '32, '33, '34 and '35, containing an extensive variety of splendid engravings, remain on hand, which may be obtained on application at this office. Address (post paid),

SAMUEL C. ATKINSON, Publisher
dec 3 36 Carter's Alley, Philada.

Ten Dollars Reward.

LOST—A YELLOW POCKET BOOK, enclosing some certificates of Stock in the West Philadelphia Rail-road, and the following Certificates of the Beaver Silk Culture and Manufacturing Co's Stock. No. 98—15 shares, S. C. A.; No. 46—25 shares, S. C. A.; No. 59—4 shares, M. T. C. G., transferred by endorsement to S. C. A.; No. 23—10 shares, Mahlon A.; No. 100—2 shares, S. C. A. in trust; No. 199—10 shares, Girard Life and Trust, dated Oct 4, 1836, 4 or 5 $5 notes on the Bank of Maryland, and a parcel of other papers of no use to any one but the owner.

The above reward will be given for the pocket book and contents, if left at the office of the Saturday Evening Post.

nov 26—tf

AUCTION & COMMISSION HOUSE,
By Wm. Montgomery,
CHICAGO—ILLINOIS.

jan 2 '36—1y

JAYNE'S INDIAN EXPECTORANT,

IS recommended as decidedly superior to any other known combination of Medicine, for Coughs, Colds, Influenza, Consumption, Asthma, Spitting of Blood, Difficulty of Breathing, Hoarseness, Hooping Cough, Pains, Weakness of the Breast, and all diseases of the Pulmonary Organs.

This medicine is highly and justly recommended by numerous and respectable individuals, who have found relief from its use. Many who have been laboring under protracted Coughs and pains in the breast, and have been supposed by themselves and their friends, far advanced in consumption, have been happily restored to perfect health, by the use of this valuable Expectorant.

Prepared by Dr. D. Jayne, of Salem, N. J. and none is genuine without his signature to the label on the outside of the bottle.

CERTIFICATES.

From the Rev. C. C. P. Crosby, late agent of the American Bible Society.

To Dr. D. Jayne. New York, June 15, 1835.

Dear Sir—I have made use of the Indian Expectorant, personally and in my family for the last six years with great benefit. Indeed I may consider my life prolonged by the use of this valuable medicine under the blessing of God for several years. I may say almost as much in the case of my wife, and also of the Rev. Mr. Tinson, of the Island of Jamaica. For all cases of Cough, Inflammation of the Chest, Lungs and Throat, I do most unhesitatingly recommend this as the best medicine I have ever used. My earnest wish is that others afflicted as I have been, may experience the same relief, which I am persuaded they will, by using the Indian Expectorant.

C. C. P. CROSBY.

N. B.—Many of my neighbors, on my recommendation have tried this medicine with uniform success.

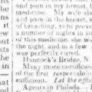
I hereby certify that I was cured of a violent Cough and pain in my breast, by using Dr. Jayne's Expectorant medicine. My wife also was afflicted with a bad Cough and pain in the breast, attended with so much difficulty of breathing, as to prevent her from getting any sleep for a number of nights in succession, but by taking two doses of this medicine, she was enabled to sleep quietly through the night, and in a few days by continuing its use, she was perfectly cured. JACOB RIDGEWAY.

Hancock's Bridge, N. J. Sept. 24, 1836.

Many more certificates might be added, from persons of the first respectability, but the above are considered sufficient. *Let the afflicted try it.*

Agents in Philada.—Thompson, corner 2d and Market; Roward, No. 249 Market; Vaughan & Davis, cor 3d and Race; Williamson, cor 2d and Almond; Margaret Johnson, Wilmington; Mrs. H. F. Ritchie, New Castle; John Evans, Baltimore; and by agents throughout the United States, where also may be had Jayne's Carminative Balsam, for Bowel Complaints; Jayne's Tonic Vermifuge, for Worms, Fever and Ague, Dyspepsia, Sour Stomach, &c. dec 3—3m

Fall Fashions.



Mrs. S. Chambers, agt.

Respectfully informs the ladies and merchants, that she will open on Tuesday 27th inst. at her Millinery Establishment, No. 177 Chesnut street, above 7th, opposite Masonic Hall, Fall Fashions, consisting of Hats, Bonnets, rich blond and lace capes, and several cases of Paris Millinery, together with an extensive assortment of flowers, ribbons, silks, &c. Ladies' and Merchants' orders for dresses, bonnets, caps, &c. executed at the shortest notice. sep 24—tf

L. Francis,

MANUFACTURER and Importer of all kinds of Mathematical, Optical, Philosophical and Chemical Apparatus, for Colleges and Schools. A large collection of the above, together with a complete assortment of Chemical Tests and Reagents, constantly on hand. Also, manufacturer of Dr. G. Plaston's Patent Cauterizer, for the use of Dentists, to be seen at the store of the subscriber.

L. FRANCIS,
106 South 2d st. below Walnut.

Orders (post paid) promptly executed and forwarded to any part of the Union, for cash or approved acceptances. nov 12—3t

Hide, Oil and Leather Store,

DAVID KIRKPATRICK, No. 21 south Third street, between Market and Chesnut streets, Philadelphia, has for sale, Spanish Hides, dried and salted, Dry and Green Salted Patna Kips, Tanners' Oil, Tanners' and Curriers' Tools, and a general assortment of Leather, finished and in the rough, all of which will be sold low for Cash, or the usual Credit.

☞ All kinds of Leather in the Rough wanted, for which the highest market price will be given, in cash, or taken in exchange for Hides.

*** Leather stored free of charge, and sold on Commission. aug 13—6m

S. W. Sexton & Co.
WHOLESALE
CLOTHING STORE,
No. 242 Market Street.

sep 10—1J'37

Two Tracts of Land for Sale,

SITUATED in Beaver county, about one mile from the Beaver River, and about 15 miles from its junction with the Ohio River. The soil is of good quality, principally covered with fine oak timber, which would more than pay for the price of the land.—Coal in abundance.

One tract contains about 140 acres, the other about 160 acres, more or less. Being situated so near the great thoroughfare between the Ohio River and the Lakes, and convenient to the river, they will prove valuable. 30 to 60 acres cleared on each tract.

For further particulars apply at the office of the Saturday Evening Post, Philada. S. C. ATKINSON.

oct 8—tf

Strong Inducement.

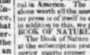
THE NATIONAL ATLAS holds out stronger inducements to patronage perhaps, than any other periodical in America. The MAP EMBELLISHMENTS, are alone worth all the amount of subscription—while the letter press is of itself as cheap as any other publication; and in addition to this, we give a year of it, together with the BOOK OF NATURE, for Ten Dollars.

The Book of Nature is a splendid work, just completed at the subscription price of $12—containing 240 very superior quarto copper plates, embracing many thousand finely engraved figures of Animals, Birds, Fishes, Shells, &c. &c. with a general review of Animated Nature.

Office No. 36 Carter's Alley, Philada. Published by
aug 27 SAMUEL C. ATKINSON.

JEWELLERY.
Baker & Shriver,
Wholesale Manufacturers of Jewellery suitable for the Western Trade.
NO. 118 CHESNUT STREET.
nov 26—6m*

For Wilmington—*Change of Hour.*



ON and after Monday next, 10th inst. the Steam-boat Wilmington, Capt. F. Black, will leave Arch st. wharf, Philadelphia, for Wilmington, daily at 1 o'clock, P. M. until further notice.

oct 8—tf

A Farm to Rent.

A Farm of 200 acres, 40 or 50 of which is cleared (and 100 more may very easily be cleared) is offered to rent on very accommodating terms. The land is of first rate quality.

The farm adjoins the town of New Brighton on the Falls of Beaver River, and being in the vicinity of several flourishing towns and the Ohio river, the produce would command at all times ready sale and good prices. A gardener and nurseryman could pursue his business on it to very great advantage, as many thousand fruit trees, and mulberries could be disposed of annually.

For particulars apply at the office of the Saturday Evening Post, Philadelphia, to the Publisher.

oct 15—

Life Insurance.

THE Girard Life Insurance Annuity and Trust Company of Philadelphia, incorporated by the Legislature of Pennsylvania

CAPITAL $300,000.
CHARTER PERPETUAL.
Office, 150 Chesnut street.

Effect *Insurances on Lives*, grant *Annuities* and *Endowments*, and make contracts generally, into which the contingency of life enters, accept and execute *Trusts*, and receive *Deposites* of money on interest.

Rates for insuring One Hundred Dollars:

Age.	One Year.	Seven Years. *annually.*	For Life. *annually.*
20	1 34	1 45	2 08
25	1 51	1 58	2 24
30	1 64	1 73	2 48
35	1 80	1 91	2 80
40	2 01	2 17	3 20

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